1942

The TRUMPET

To Janet:
I will miss
walking home from
school with you. Best
of Luck! Lillian

To Esther Jane Pomeroy
Best Luck - Love Ann

Congratulations E a sweet friend and
neighbor. Thanks for a sweet time
Best Luck
Gloria V. S.M.

TRUMPET

PRESENTED

BY

THE SENIOR CLASS

OF

MAINE CENTRAL INSTITUTE

PITTSFIELD, MAINE

Foreword

Once a dream—now a part of yesterday—fallen into the fading memories—school days—friendships—the fight for democracy—graduation—a forward look to college—and what beyond? Then we shall behold the face of youth with all its Faith, Hope, and Trust.

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In appreciation of the many services cheerfully rendered and of the co-operative spirit with which our requests have been granted, the Class of 1942 dedicates this Trumpet to its friend and counselor,

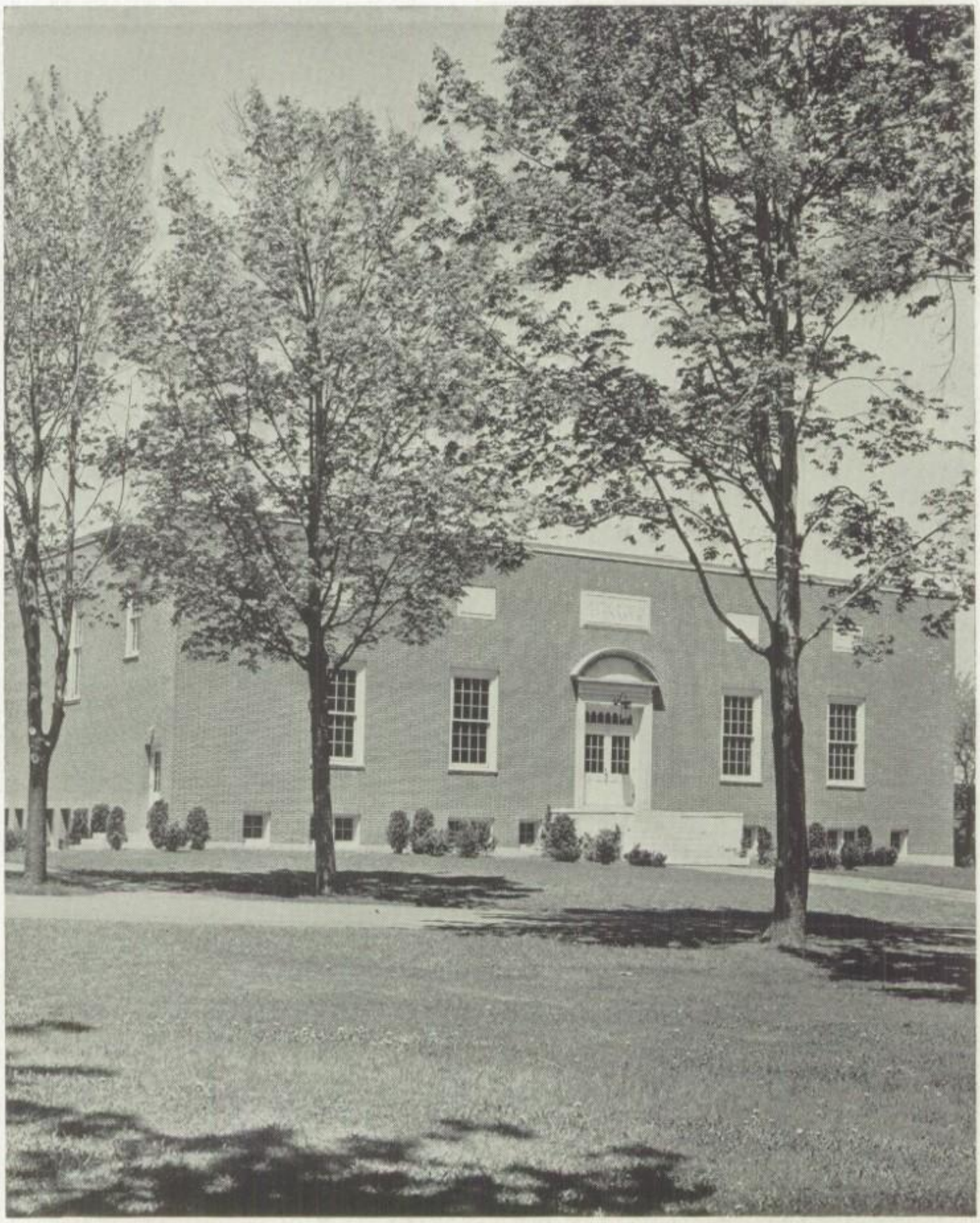
Harold W. Louder.

D E D I C

HAROLD M. LOUDER, B.S., Ed.M.
Bates College

Harold M Louder

A T I O N



ADMINISTRATION

EDWIN W. PURINTON, A.B., A.M., Bates College,
Principal

ROY U. SINCLAIR, B.S., M.A.
Bates College
Dean of Boys
Mathematics
Baseball Coach

SANGER M. COOK, A.B.
Bowdoin
English
Track Coach

LUCILE de REYNOLDS, B.S., B.L.I.
Emerson College
Dean of Girls
English
Dramatics

EDWARD R. STANLEY, A.B.
Bates College
History
Debating
Director of Publicity

GEORGE H. JOHNSON, B.S.
Springfield College
Physical Education
General Science
Football

KARLTON E. HIGGINS, B.S.
Gorham Normal
Social Science
Basketball

GABRIELLA R. HINES, A.B.
University of New Hampshire
French
Latin
Junior Class Advisor

MARGARET SNOW, A.B.
University of Maine
Business Training
Freshman Class Advisor

VERA E. BRASTOW, B.S.
University of Maine
Home Economics
Sophomore Class Advisor

NORBERT YOUNG
Gorham Normal
Shopwork

JOSEPHINE B. FOLSOM, A.B.
Tufts College
Bible

RUTH P. COOK
New England Conservatory of Music
Orchestra Conductress
Piano, Violincello

ESTELLE B. HABENICHT
New England Conservatory of Music
Violin

M. ELIZABETH HENRY, B.S.
University of Maine
Dietician

SENIORS

Kitan Agostinelli "Kite"
Rumford, Maine
The Webster of our class, "Kite" should go far in this world because he has the aggressive ability to attain his goal. He would rather be right than be President.
Football (4) *"M" Club*

Perino Almonte "Percy"
Pittsfield, Maine
Although "Percy" is a silent member of our class, we've heard that he swings a "Mean Left." When things get dull in class "Percy" always livens things up a bit with his dry humor.
Hi-Y Club (3, 4)

Olive Bagley
Detroit, Maine
Even though we don't see as much of you as we would like to, we know that you're a faithful member of the Class of '42. Good luck, Olive.

Robert Bean "Bob"
Newport, Maine
The "Old Lady" of Suite 5. To one who doesn't know him, "Bob" might appear to be a bashful boy, but he has scores of friends through his generosity and quick wit.
Senior Play

Glenys Braley
Pittsfield, Maine
Glenys is the Queen of Burnham's dance arena and she sure cuts a mean rug. If you are blue and down at the heels, look up Glenys; she always has a cheerful word and a big smile. She'll be the kind of school "marm" one dreams about.
Girl Reserves (4) *Glee Club* (1, 2, 3) *Orchestra* (4)

Arnold Brewer, Jr. "Bru"
Boothbay Harbor, Maine
From the wild coast of Boothbay Harbor, from the crabby crabs and the lobby lobsters comes our tall and handsome athlete. An all-round athlete and a better friend one can never meet. Beware of "Schoolmarms."
Football (4) *Basketball* (4)

Carolyn Brown "Brownie"
Pittsfield, Maine
Carolyn always has a smile for everyone. The "Halls" of M. C. I. will miss her. Sweetness and charm will help you to in all that you may endeavor to do.
Girl Reserves (1, 2, 3, 4) *Treasurer* (4) *Prize Speaking* (1, 2) *Orchestra* (3, 4) *Carvinal Queen* (3) *Debating* (2) *Class Treasurer* (2) *Class Secretary* (1, 3) *Senior Play*

Dorna Bryant
Pittsfield, Maine
Although Dorna is a quiet lass of our class, we know she will be successful. May you find luck and happiness in all you do in the future, Dorna.
Glee Club (1, 2, 3)

Ivan Callahan "Van"
Biddeford, Maine
The good-looking boy from Biddeford. Be careful, girls, because he has something dangerously devastating to the fairer sex. A great athlete and an excellent friend.
Football (4) *"M" Club*

Elizabeth Campbell "Betty"
Detroit, Maine
Even though "Betty" has been with us only one year, she has proved her willingness and dependability. The best of everything to you, "Betty."
Senior Play

John S. Childs "Jack"
Lewiston, Maine
To our "Jack," the hard-to-get man. If all were known about your love affairs we think a different story would be told. Your wit and personal presence will be missed. You're a great friend and we'll never forget you! May you have a "merry" life, Jack!
Basketball (3, 4) *Vice-President* (3) *Executive Committee* (4) *"M" Club* (3, 4)

Kenneth Cianchette "Chink"
Pittsfield, Maine
Like all the other Cianchettes, "Chink" is good natured and well liked around achool. He has abmition plus (a brotherly trait)? Ken seems a bit shy but you should know him better.
Football (3, 4) *Freshman Prize Speaking, Hi-Y Club* (4) *Asst. Track Manager* (1, 2, 3)

437 Trum. 8-21E-10 10w G g. 2
Evan Cox "Coxy"
Bangor, Maine
Our all-round woodsman. If there is anyone who loves to hunt, fish, and trap any better than Cox, we certainly should like to meet him. Don't ever lead with your chin, Coxy. Best of luck to a grand friend!

Roger Davis "Rog"
Eastport, Maine
By far the class comedian—he always has a pun for everyone. Roger, Sam Goldwyn is looking for you as a Class A American entertainer.
Basketball (4)

Elaine Enman
Bangor, Maine
One of those Bangor girls! Isn't it fun to go home weekends, Elaine! Personality plus, she's the life of any party—(just ask Rege)—
Basketball Captain (4) *Cheerleader* (4) *Girl Reserves* (4)

Arlene Frederick
Pittsfield, Maine
The all-round lady of our class. Sportswoman, dancer, and student.
Debating (2, 3) *Senior Play, Girl Reserves Treasurer* (3) *Class Secretary* (3) *Class Treasurer* (4) *Basketball* (4) *Cheerleader* (4) *Athletic Council* (4)

William Frederick "Bill"
Pittsfield, Maine
"Bill" is the type of lad we see get ahead.
Football (1, 2, 3, 4) *Track* (1, 2, 3, 4) *Basketball* (1, 2, 3, 4) *Hi-Y Club* (2, 3, 4) *"M" Club* (2, 3, 4) *Class Vice-President* (4) *Trumpet Board* (4) *M. C. I. Board* (3) *Executive Board* (4) *Prize-Speaking* (1, 2)

John Freese Wong"
East Corinth, Maine
To our "John Kieran" of M. C. I. It would be rather dull without his subtle humor to keep us amused.
President (1) *Vice-President* (2) *Editor of M. C. I.* (3) *Editor of Trumpet, Hi-Y Club* (3, 4) *Secretary* (4) *Manson Prize Speaking* (3) *Basketball* (3, 4) *Track* (1, 2, 3, 4) *Executive Board* (4)

Lorraine Frost
Pittsfield, Maine
Lorraine is one of those good-natured persons who are friends to all, and always willing to do.
Girl Reserves (1, 2)

Mary Gallison
Hancock, Maine
To Mary, our pretty little song-bird, who has thrilled us many a day in chapel, we predict that your vocal chords and dramatic ability will lead to an illustrious career as a radio entertainer.
Archery (2) *Basketball* (4) *Cheerleading* (4) *Manson Prize Speaking Girl Rrserves* (2, 3, 3) *Secretary G. R.* (4) *Glee Club* (2, 3) *Business Manager of Trumpet*

Irene Goodrich "Corporal"
Pittsfield, Maine
The girl with many talents—she draws, she skates, she plays the piano. Why can't we all be lucky like this blonde "Corporal" with her friendly disposition?
Girl Reserves (2, 3) *Glee Club* (2, 3) *Orchestra* (3, 4)

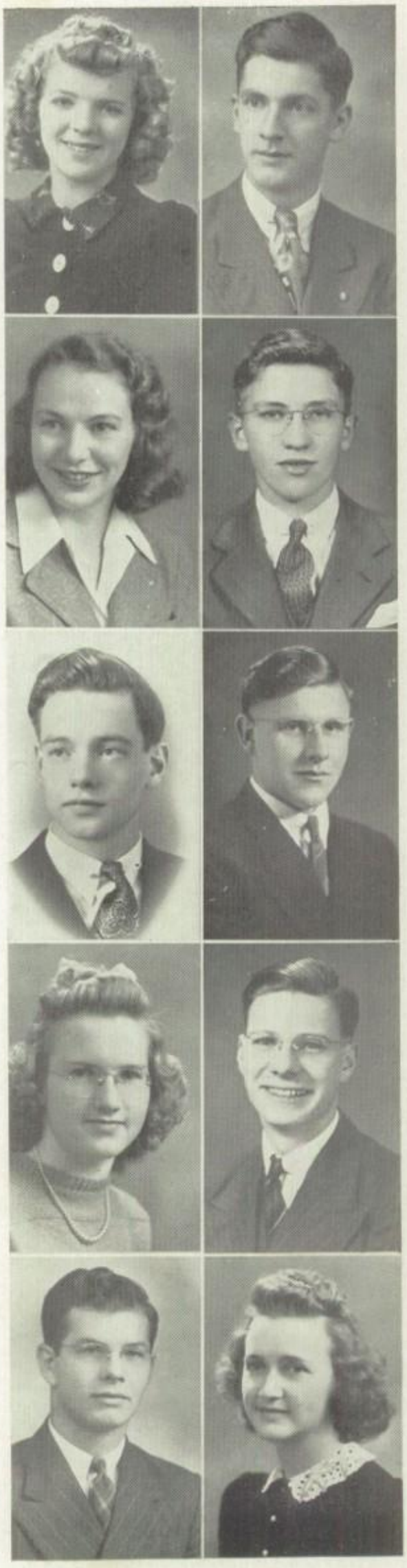
Margaret Gosline "Margie"
Gardner, Maine
Margaret has made many friends at M. C. I. in the past four years by her nice smile and pleasant disposition. May success and happiness be yours in the future "Margie."
Archery (1, 2, 3) *Glee Club* (1, 2, 3) *Girl Reserves* (1, 2, 3, 4) *Class Tresaurer* (1)

Why don't you pick on someone your own size Janet.
Norm'd

Normand Gott "Gott"
Bangor, Maine
To our blue-eyed, red-headed friend from Bangor. The detective of Suite 4 who couldn't figure out the "Mystery of the Open Window." wishing the best of luck to you, "Norm," in your future as an engineer.
Hi-Y Club (4)

Evelyn Gould "Ev"
Pittsfield, Maine
Evelyn's ambitions seem to be centered around Bowdoin College. We wonder why! Keep up the good work, "Ev" and you're bound to come out on top.
M. C. I. Board (1, 2) *Trumpet Board* (4) *Salutatorian*

David Hall "Beaver"
Madison, Maine
Madison's gift to the football parade. Dave is by far the best football player in M. C. I. He received recognition as an "All Maine" Guard. In College he should go further—maybe "All American."
Football (2, 3, 4) *"M" Club* (2, 3, 4) *Hi-Y Club* (3, 4) *Executive Committee* (4) *Trumpet Board* (4)



Marshall Hammond "Bink"
Pittsfield, Maine
"Prexy" Hammond has other hobbies than those of women. The Senior Class and the Hi-Y Club owe their success to his careful management.
Class President (2, 4) *Vice-President* (1) *Debate Club* (1, 2, 3, 4) *Football Manager* (4) *Track* (3, 4) *Basketball* (1, 2, 3, 4) *Baseball* (1, 2, 3, 4) *Prize Speaking* (2, 3) *Editorial Board* (3) *Oldham Debate Medal* (3) *Executive Committee* (4)

Vaughan Heffran "Heff"
Pittsfield, Maine
Vaughan's first loves are Hare and Hound Chases and aviation. Although very quiet around school, he is a popular fella'.
Track (3, 4)

Frank Hesdorfer, Jr.
Pittsfield, Maine
As Frank is the best butler M. C. I. has ever had, he is destined to become a great actor, but, alas, he will be flying far over our heads.
Wrestling (2, 3) *Prize Speaking* (1) *Senior Play, Orchestra* (2, 3)

Ewart Hodgins "Ur"
Pittsfield, Maine
M. C. I.'s only hermit. Ewart likes the woods and Lyon(s). Ewart's poor ranks (85 or better) have always worried him, but the RAF will take him just the same.
Senior Play, Orchestra (3) *Wrestling* (2, 3) *Track* (2, 3) *M. C. I. Board* (3)

Janet Humphrey "Jan"
Pittsfield, Maine
If you see someone coming up the walk about twenty-five minutes after eight, you know it's Janet. But she always gets there and that's what really counts. Good luck, Janet.
Glee Club (1, 2, 3) *Orchestra* (1, 2, 3, 4) *Basketball* (1, 2)

Merton Humphrey "Mert"
Pittsfield, Maine
Merton is another one of our silent members but he's a noted hunter of the elusive deer.

Lea Lawrence "Lefty"
Pittsfield, Maine
You've been a good friend to, and a faithful servant of the Class of '42, Lea. In the future may success and happiness be yours.
Glee Club (2, 3) *Pop Concert* (2, 3, 4) *Orchestra* (2, 3, 4) *Board* (3) *Executive Committee* (4) *Manson Prize Speaking*

Pauline Lawrence "Polly"
Lubec, Maine
The best of luck to our Polly, who maintains a personality plus, who has a perfect history rank and all the qualifications of a grand girl.
Alumni Prize Speaking, Girl Reserves (2, 3, 4) *Glee Club* (2, 3) *M. C. I. Board* (2, 3) *Senior Executive Committee*

William W. Lehr "Bill"
Pittsfield, Maine
"We ain't woffin'" when we say that we hope that you'll have plenty of luck in everything in the future, and that the weather will always be suitable with plenty of "Snow."
Prize Speaking (2) *Manson Prize Speaking* (3) *Hi-Y Club* (2, 3, 4) *Treasurer* (3, 4) *Debate Club* (2, 3, 4) *President* (4) *Oldham Debate Medal* (2) *Trumpet Board* (4) *Baseball* (1, 2, 3, 4) *Basketball* (2, 3)

Ellen Lougee "Chick"
Bangor, Maine
Although Ellen has been with us for only one year, we have found that she has a smile for everyone. As an artist, she is "tops." She draws anything, but if to draw means to attract, a certain blonde giant is her specialty.
Basketball Captain (4) *Cheerleader* (4) *Girl Reserves* (4)

Doris Lyon "Dot"
Pittsfield, Maine
Aside from her helpfulness to the Class of '42, "Dot" has proved to be quite a sportswoman. She specializes in doing her French five minutes before the bell. Good luck, "Dot."
Girl Reserves (1, 2) *Orchestra* (1, 2, 3, 4)

Benjamin Mathews "Growl"
Pittsfield, Maine
Ben has been very quiet around school for four years, but his ambition be to an aviator will put the Japs on the alert. "Growl" is also an eminent fisherman, hunter, and trapper. He handles a Model T with great dexterity.

Velma Morse "Rae"
Swans Island, Maine
She comes from "off the coast" and she loves the "Harbor Lights"—right? We've certainly enjoyed having you with us at M. C. I. and we wish you all the happiness in the world.
Class Treasurer (2) *Girl Reserves President* (4) *National Honor Society* (3) *M. C. I. Board* (2) *Glee Club* (2, 3)

Hans Muir "Killer"
Ridlonville, Maine
Hans, the blonde Scotchman, has attracted many of the fairer sex to his side by his Bing Crosby renditions. He is the "pride" of Miss Henry's dining-hall crew.
Football (4) *Basketball* (4) *Trumpet Board* (4)

Kenneth H. Murphy "Ken"
Eastport, Maine
As the Boogie-Woogie King of M. C. I., Ken really pounds out a mean eight-to-the-bar. Madame Zelaine predicts that someday he will be killing the "kats" at the White House as he will be the Vice-President under President Muir in 1972.
Debate (4)

To a swell girlfriend
Best of luck
Ken

I'll see you around, partner. (Cecelia)

Cecelia Nordstrom "Martha"
Pittsfield, Maine
Cecelia, our talented classmate. If you ever want a favor done, call on "Martha." I hear you have a weakness for "Jerry" pie. Best of luck!
Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4) *Basketball* (1, 2, 3) *Glee Club* (1, 2, 3) *Girl Reserves* (1, 2, 3)

Stuart Noyes "Noisy"
Limestone, Maine
"Noisy" as his name implies is always on the go looking out for some one else. He has a lease on the reception room of the girl's dorm, which he will give up at the end of the year to some interested party.
Vice-President (2) *Hi-Y* (3, 4) *Orchestra* (2, 3, 4) *Senior Play* (4) *Editorial Board* (2, 4)

Jeanne Palmer
Pittsfield, Maine
"You're a "Small" girl, Jeanne, and we think you're grand. Here's hoping you'll "Bob" on that wave of happiness and success in the future.
Archery (3, 4) *Cheerleader* (3, 4) *Girl Reserves* (1, 2, 3, 4) *President* (2) *Glee Club* (1, 2, 3) *Orchestra* (1, 2, 3, 4) *Editor-in-chief* (1. 2) *Manson Prize Speaking*

Alice Pendexter "Penny"
Pittsfield, Maine
Alice says little, but she has a keen sense of humor and a ready smile. Her "take-life-easy" attitude is quickened a bit by roller-skating. May all your life roll by as smoothly as you do on skates, "Penny."
Basketball (1, 2, 3) *Girl Reserves* (1, 2)

Charles Scribner "Scrib"
Bangor, Maine
Slow-moving and easy-going are the words which best describe "Scrib." He's a demon on the basketball floor, sinking 'em from all angles.
Basketball (4)

Herbert Scribner "Scrib"
Pittsfield, Maine
"Scrib" is the future Comptroller of the W. P. A. His ambition (?) is to lean on a shovel. His beautiful pea green clothes catch the eye of all who pass by. (ouch)
Debate (4)

Douglas Sinclair "Doug"
Fairfield, Maine
M. C. I.'s little "grandpa." Without him the Dorm boys would be lost and perhaps would miss breakfast and even classes. He's Mrs. Willey's page boy too.
Track (2, 3, 4) *M. C. I. Board* (3) *Senior Play Stage Manager.*

Vernon Smiley, Jr. "Johnny"
Milton, Maine
Watch out, Benny Goodman, here comes the successor to your "King of Swing" throne. Johnny is the future Eddie Douchin of the keyboard. Junior is also the Queen of the stage. Good luck, Johnny! Women are a necessity, so says "Smike."
Orchestra (4) *Senior Play, Basketball* (4)

Best of luck to a swell fellow. "John"

Sylvia J. Snow "Skip"
Fryeburg, Maine
Although "Skip" has met with a few "difficulties" during her four years at M. C. I. her pleasing personality will never be forgotten. Her "super" ability on the piano must be complimented, also.
Archery (1, 2) *Girl Reserves* (1, 2, 3, 4) *Glee Club* (1, 2) *Orchestra* (1, 2, 3, 4) *M. C. I. Board* (1, 2)

Murray Stebbins "Bit"
Biddeford, Maine
"Bit" will surely be missed at M. C. I. His down-to-earth personality has won him many friends. Best of luck to a great athlete.
Football (4) *Basketball* (4)

Margurite Taylor "Midge"
Pittsfield, Maine
Full of pep and spirit, "Midge" has proved to be an invaluable member of our class. Her skill as a waitress and as a skater will be long remembered. Here's to you , "Midge."
Archery (3) *Senior Play*

Wayne Thurston "Einstein"
Bangor, Maine
Affectionately known by the girls as "Blitz" because of his tactics, M. C. I.'s only "ham." (amateur radio operator) is believed to have three hobbies: women, writing, and radio. He is bound one of two ways: either marriage or a career as a writer. At the present he Lea-ns toward the former, but time alone will give the final outcome.

Stuart Withers
Solon, Maine
In his "Unique," suave style, Stuart has captured the heart of more than one fair damsel. His curly looks and "innocent" smile make him most fascinating to the gentle sex, but in the Boy's Dorm his trumpet solos are not very much in demand. To the future "Killer-Diller" of Hollywood, we wish you the best of success.
Senior Play (4)

Wendall Towle "Wendy"
Pittsfield, Maine
"Wendy" and his robin's egg blue "rattle-trap" are a familiar sight on and off our campus. Wendall is the class's most prominentEnglish readerand student. "Wendy" is a frequent visitor to Newport and all its splendors. We wonder why?
Senior Play

Rosalie Varnum "Rody"
Pittsfield, Maine
Rosalie has the honor of being the outstanding woman athlete of our class. May your conquests in life be as successful as your conquests in basketball have been.
Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4) *Archery* (1) *Girl Reserves* (1, 2, 3) *Glee Club* (1, 2, 3)

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President	Marshall Hammond
Vice President	William Frederick
Secretary	Carolyn Brown
Treasurer	Arlene Frederick

CLASS HISTORY

PITTSFIELD ADVERTISER

June 6th, 1942

OBITUARY

The many friends and acquaintances of the class of '42 will regret to hear of its passing away on June 8th, nineteen hundred and forty two, at which time will come to an end the youthful preparation of this honored class.

Born in Pittsfield on September 12, 1938, with an enrollment of 75 members, this class of inexperienced freshman elected as its officers the following: John Freese, president; Marshall Hammond, vice-president; Carolyn Brown, secretary; and Margaret Gosline, treasurer. Their first major activity was the tragic Freshman Parade for the preparation of which they were commanded by the haughty sophomores to search the attics of Pittsfield, long coated over by the dust of the years, to find regalia that were deemed suitable for such an (in)? auspicious occasion.

Always socially inclined, they enjoyed life at the fullest when they were invited by Mr. Purinton to attend the "I Am You Are" party at Powers Hall. Peals of laughter reached the lofty rafters as the gay group danced the merry hours away.

Great was the power of persuasiveness of the talented group that engaged in the Freshman Prize Speaking. Never shall be forgotten the forceful speeches of William Frederick, Maxine Pushor, Ann Milliken, and Ewart Hodgins. Thus came to an end our first year of scholastic service.

In the fall of 1939, because of great financial burdens, we elected the following as officers: Marshall Hammond, president; John Freese, vice-president; Jeanne Palmer, secretary; and Velma Morse, treasurer. So great had been the demand of the Alumni that we again engaged in Prize Speaking, and this time Lillian Goodell and William Frederick were regarded as the most estimable. Lest those who are left to mourn our departure forget, we wish to remind them that as more proof of our exceptional ability, Williard Lehr, Jr. was awarded the Oldham Debate Medal. This was the first time that a sophomore had ever received this medal.

'Twas in this year that the M. C. I. orchestra decided that they needed money to invest in music but found it impossible "to carry on" without the leadership of the sophomore class. On this gala occasion of the Pop Concert, our talented class members exhibited not only musical ability but culinary art as well. Thus came to a close the second era of a brilliant class.

The time for election now rolled around, and when the ballots were counted, it was found that Donald Ayer had been chosen president, Jack

Childs, vice-president; Arlene Frederick, secretary, and Carolyn Brown, treasurer.

Soon the Juniors sought a life of seclusion. It really grieved the hearts of their schoolmates that the Juniors could not be found at Sterling's or at the movies. Should one have entered the library however, he would have seen countless heads peering into moth-eaten books. Why? Not one bit of information must escape these Juniors as they all were engaged in research work for the profound Manson Essays. On the night of their presentation, after much sincere deliberation, the judges awarded the prizes to Cecelia Nordstrom and William Frederick.

In the month of May the spirit of Old Mexico seemed to flow through the veins of the Juniors as they made elaborate preparations for their spring dance. On that enchanted night we were *transmitted,* as if by magic, to that romantic land of Old Mexico. The dim lights and soft music formed a most fanciful setting, and we danced with no thoughts of the 'Manana".

Special honors were bestowed upon our class when Ann Milliken, Velma Morse, and John Freese were chosen for the National Honor Society. Each was outstanding in scholastic ability, leadership, service, and character so the entire class was impressed by this excellent choice. So another chapter of successful venture ended.

In the last year of the life of this class, new blood was required to carry it to a favorable end so we elected as officers: Marshall Hammond, president; William Frederick, vice-president; Carolyn Brown, secretary; and Arlene Frederick, treasurer. Very early this year Miss Reynolds decided that there was such unusual dramatic ability in the group that the public should have an opportunity to enjoy a brilliant performance. After much deliberation, she chose the play "The Gay Deception," starring Carolyn Brown and Ewart Hodgins.

The time had now arrived when we must don our "Sunday Bests", and we soon saw ourselves as "ithers see us" for the camera is the eye of truth.

Since more students were worthy of honors, Evelyn Gould, Cecelia Nordstrom, Jeanne Palmer, Willard Lehr, and William Frederick were admitted to the National Honor Society.

This class has published two outstanding literary productions. The third venture, we trust, will prove to be the best, for under John Freese as an able editor assisted by a superior board, there will unquestionably be produced a *Trumpet* worthy of M. C. I.

So far we have spoken only of our literary ability, but this class has also excelled in athletic ability as as well. At the basketball tournament this year, we were given recognition for our outstanding achievements. By playing a very close game with Kents Hill, who won the tournament, we established proof that we had an unusually excellent team. Among those who deserve special merit are "Bud" Coughlin, "Dave" Duplissea, "Bit" Stebbins, and "Bill" Frederick.

To end our social activities, we held our Senior dance in Parks' Memorial Gymnasium. At the strains of the last dreamy waltz, each Senior boy and girl became a bit sad as he realized that soon our happy days here would end.

As the year drew to a close, it was fitting that some reward should be given to those who had attained the highest honors by their scholastic ability. To those honest and loyal students were given the following honor parts: Valedictorian, John Freese, Salutatorian, Evelyn Gould, Honor Essay, Sylvia Snow, Honor Essay, Cecelia Nordstrom, and Honor Essay, Ewart Hodgins

After a life of great activity this honored class of '42 will pass to parts unknown. Funeral services will be held Monday morning, June 8th, 1942, at ten o'clock, Parks' Memorial Gymnasium. A large number of relatives and friends are asked to attend the services. There will be a profusion of beautiful flowers. The honor students of this graduating class will officiate.

We wish to express our appreciation to those who have aided us in making our short lives so profitable and happy.

Pauline Lawrence

PROPHECY OF 1942

This is without a doubt a day when the hand of magic seems to put us all under an enchanted spell. For two weeks, "Dave" and I have been trying to draw aside the curtain of oncoming time, to see you all in your prospective roles. Last night we realized that we had failed and that today we should have to greet you with the solemn announcement that our powers of foretelling your fortunes had been hindered by the "Blackouts." Three of us sat in a room, griefstricken, with heads bowed, Mr. Louder, "Dave" and I. Suddenly, without warning, the radio flashed on and a voice, shrill as the voice of the Soothsayer in Julius Caesar cried out, "Go to the ancient belfry of M. C. I., for there you will find an enchanted bowl which contains the prophecies of the class of 1942."

And, class, here is the enchanted bowl. Listen carefully as we unfold the fortunes of all from this magic bowl.

Madame La La Chu Gum's coal-black talking cat, Neptune, foretells that "Johnny" Childs will become a Major in the army. He will not lead his forces against the axis powers but will quell the fights among the fair sex by refusing to be their favorite. Sad! Sad! that such an attractive young man should deprive the ladies of his society.

Madame La La Chu Gum predicts that Mary Gallison will accept the radio position recently vacated by Kate Smith. Miss Gallison hasn't announced her theme song yet, but undoubtedly it will be "Smiley'n Through."

Soon you will be able to receive on all stations of your radio, swing "Hoe-downs", played by that solid old man, "Juni" Brewer, who will feature that sensational "skin-beater", "Steady" Lehr. This band will tour the states for six months and will receive record attendance at all "Jive Dives."

Sylvia Snow will give up her extensive study of the classics. Instead of becoming a concert pianist, she will go to Harlem in order that she may learn that certain "Boogie-Woogie" technique of one she admires greatly.

"John "Smiley will become conductor for the Model "T" Symphony Hour Orchestra. We always knew that you loved that long-haired stuff." He will have for three weeks, as guest star, Madame Gallison.

Miss Velma Morse will achieve fame in two major fields: salting fish down with her bare feet and autographing basketballs for "Dave" Duplisea. She will find salting fish less tiresome but she will like autographing basketballs better. The Interpreter of Darkness wonders why.

On May 21, 1950, Dr. E. R. Cox, while enroute to New York, to perform an operation on "Ed" Stanley, the famous hunter, will visit M. C. I.

Dr. Cox has a jealous complex. His objective in visiting Alumni Hall is to ascertain if anyone has excelled his record for squirting water from the trusty faucet in suite 2.

"Ja Ja mi-mi"—"Why Dave, I can't understand this—wait a minute—it's coming clearer." The Madame predicts that Janet Humphrey and Lea Lawrence will serve as Red Cross nurses in the Fiji Islands and will, after a period of four years, because of their great love for the islanders, renounce their citizenship in the United States and will speak only the language of the islanders.

Stuart Noyes, our little preacher, will have rather a "dark" future ahead of him, for all we can see him doing is preaching in Harlem. He will also sell Aroostook potatoes as a sideline.

Margaret Gosline will make fabulous sums of money during the next few years. She will take advantage of the tire rationing and give riding lessons. By 1950 Miss Gosline will be leading a life of leisure. Her only worry will be the large number of admirers which the matrimonial agencies persist in sending to her.

"Bobby" Bean will be the busiest undertaker ever in business in Newport because of an undetectable poison that he will purposely invent. He will also have a sign out in front of his office reading, "R. W. Bean—Undertaker While You Wait."

"Herb" Scribner will be known as Monsieur Hebret, and will become famous as a Fifth Avenue haberdasher. He will specialize in green clothes.

Irene Goodrich will, in a few years, find herself a great artist. She will paint portraits of the M. C. I. faculty of 1951, and one of these portraits, which she will call "A Man and His Bicycle", will gain national fame.

For John Freese the fates decree a most varied fortune. First he will conduct a frog farm in Limestone. Then, being disappointed in love, he will leave his farm to go to South Africa. Tiring of the feminine society of the "dark ladies," he will return to New York where he will out-rival all members of "Information Please."

"Doug" Sinclair will finish repairing the damaged "*Normandie*", and then alone will return it to France. "We always knew that you understood boats, "Doug".

Arlene Frederick will own and operate a large beauty parlor. Aside from her reducing formulas she will become famous for a certain complexion cream known as the "Murray Preparation." Arlene will attribute the success of this cream to observations made during her senior year at M. C. I. of "the" complexion.

Hans Muir will become an expert "bouncer" for all dance halls in Mexico and neighboring vicinities. He will gain a hundred pounds and grow six inches in order that he may fulfill his job.

"Dave" Hall, "the slight" man of Suite 2 will become a portly gentleman. His cares will be many for he will be known as "Lord Mayor" of Madison. Most perplexing of all questions will be "Where can I obtain tires for the baby carriages?"

Oh, Madame sees a bright future for Carolyn, who with a magic touch will drive all pain away. She will journey to many lands, will be feted and praised for her kind acts. She seems to be intensely interested in houses' but mostly in "Halls."

"Kite" Agostinelli will be head track coach at the Rumford Primary School. He will be a great health enthusiast, rising every morning at five o'clock and running for four or five miles. He will finally agree that barbells are the best muscle builders, when he sees what happened to Charles Atlas, after somebody stuck a pin in him.

Evelyn Gould, by special arrangement with the trustees, will study agriculture at Bowdoin College. After leaving Bowdoin, Miss Gould will establish a large poultry farm in Palmyra. She will be very successful even though she has a competitor in her next-door neighbor. Perhaps the neighbor doesn't want to remain a competitor!

"Bit" Stebbins will become the Number 1 box-office attraction for his acting in motion pictures. He will have a well-trained voice, very soft and alluring. Possibly he cultivated his voice in the M. C.I. serving room.

"Ben" Matthews will finally accomplish the art of leaning on a shovel, by working for the W. P. A. After learning the fundamentals, he will become President Roosevelt's right-hand man.

The Fates hestiate to relate Miss Olive Bagley's fortune, but perhaps she can take warning from this prophecy. She will marry a man who will become so crazed by her constant chatter that he will pay huge sums of money to secure a powder which will cause him to become totally deaf.

Frank Hesdorfer will train for six months to relieve himself of excess baggage because a pilot needs to be in trim. Frank will be given a contract as soon as he finished this course, to fly school children from Burnham to Pittsfield

"Bill" Frederick will seldom be seen from this time on because he is so much involved with his flowers. "Bill" won't be able to figure out geometrically why and when the leaves should fall.

True to her name, Miss Doris Lyon will revert to the wilds in the summer time. She will hear the call of a certain fire ranger and in a few years will change her ferocious name and acquire a domestic title.

"Percy" Almonte and Kenneth Ciancette will become partners in a thriving enterprise. We predict that it will be an ultra-modern bowling alley.

Roger Davis will become principal of the West Overshoe High School by popular vote of the school board. He will not be popular with the students however, because he will become too serious-minded. Scientists say that this change will be caused by a blow on the head received while in the serving room at M. C. I. His favorite subject used in lecturing will be, "Never be Funny."

Miss Pauline Lawrence will become Mrs. Eugene Leroy Bailey. She will find herself very busy with domestic duties but she will manage to find time to lead a campaign for underprivileged girls who are obliged to live in dormitories.

Normand Gott will receive a job as chief engineer on the miniature railroad, recently constructed in the Bangor Park for all kiddies between the ages of four and twelve. The president of this railroad will give him a little wooden whistle to complete his uniform.

Alice Pendexter will become a member of the teaching staff at Miss Braley's "Kindergarden for Toddling Tots." "Perhaps Glenys can understand now why the teacher is always right."

Ivan Callahan, that good-looking Romeo from Biddeford, will have a very unusaul occupation; he will be the sole owner of a sanitarium for women with broken hearts. Applications will be filed up to the year 2000.

Lorraine Frost will have so many proposals for marriage that she will find great difficulty in deciding which one to accept. Incidentally, Lorraine will become the proprietor of "Frost Diner For Homesick Soldiers." Perhaps there's something in that old saying, "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach."

Wayne Thurston will become a hermit and forever separate himself from the outside world. He will claim that the world is cruel, and that he is tired of talking.

Cecelia Nordstrom will receive a Master's Degree from Columbia University and will secure a position as Dean of Boys in a large New York

Boys' School. Frequently Miss Nordstrom may be heard on "Information Please."

Wendell Towle will return to Pittsfield as M. C. I.'s principal. He will immediately put into effect his new course of Comic Magazine.

"Betty" Campbell will become the head of a large psychopathic hospital with Miss Dorna Bryant acting as her secretary. Miss Campbell will make a special study on the following subject: "Why do teachers form the greatest percentage of the inmates in Psychopathic Hospitals?" After working strenuously for about four years, Miss Campbell will be advised to take a vacation in Hawaii for her health.

Stuart Withers will take Nelson Eddy's place as an opera singer. He will have to have an extra large bathtub before he can expect best results.

Ellen Lougee will become a "water-girl" for the Frederick Construction Company. Ellen will be very happy in this occupation, in fact, she will gladly work over time without additional salary.

The Heffren-Humphrey duo will journey to Africa for some big-game hunting. As we see it now they will return with one jay bird, three field mice and a lame duck.

Marguerite Taylor, after having trained for a nurse, will not be able to overcome her great desire to roller skate. Consequently, she will own a private rink which she will call—"The Bob Inn".

Madame is pleased to predict a most brilliant future for Charles Scribner. He will go to the South Sea Islands where he will become a noted authority on basketball rules for the natives.

Elaine Enman and Rosalie Varnum will go down in history as being responsible for some drastic changes in women's clothing. The girls, on returning to Pittsfield in 1951, will head a parade advocating sports clothes for comfort. Rosalie, who will lead he parade in a bright-red gym suit, will trip gracefully from side to side as she dribbles a basketball. Miss Enman will follow in her latest creation, a complete man's suit designed to fit women.

"Bink" Hammond will become president of the United States by a large majority of votes. "Bink" will make many changes since he being in office. One of his outstanding accomplishments is beginning his "Sawdust Burner Chats" with "Brother Members" instead of "My Friends."

Murphy will become a sports commentator as soon as he can overcome his impediment of slow speech. He will also compose a famous national march entitled, "Eastport Marches Along."

"Ah! What is this in the very bottom of the bowl? Why it is a note from Madame La La Chu Gum, with both of our names on the outside. Let's open it and see what else she has to say. This is the note:

> Dear Friends;
>
> I am very much indebted to you for being so kind as to read my prophecies concerning this illustrious class. In my past life I can never recall any class or classes that have had such interesting futures. Please return the magic bowl to the enchanted belfry.
>
> Your friend of darkness,
>
> Madame La La Chu Gum

CLASS ODE

(Tune: The Desert Song)

I

Dear school from you we must part
As out into the world we start.
We'll wiser be as we depart from thee,
With God to guide us,
You'll stand beside us.
Thy great campus and thy halls
Will be to us where mem'ry calls.
Or answers clear to your each call we hear
Bring us back to you.

II

Dear classmates of M. C. I.,
We part now but it's not goodbye.
Thru happy years which go so swiftly by
Our friendships here will seem so dear.
Tho' we will be miles apart,
As out into this world we start,
With mem'ries dear of our friendships here,
We'll go heart to heart.

Jean Palmer

HONOR PARTS

Valedictory	John Freese
Salutatory	Evelyn Gould
Essay	Sylvia Snow
Essay	Cecelia Nordstrom
Essay	Edwart Hodgins

CLASS DAY PARTS

Address to Undergraduates	Marshall Hammond
Class Oration	Willard Lehr
Class Prophecy	Carolyn Brown
	David Hall
Class Will	Velma Morse
Class Gifts	Elizabeth Campbell
	Murray Stebbins
Class History	Pauline Lawrence
Class Chaplain	Stuart Noyes
Class Marshals	Mary Gallison
	Hans Muir
Class Flower	Deep Red Rose
Class Motto	Per Aspera Ad Astra

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

Senior Last Chapel	Tuesday, June 2
Class Day Exercises	Saturday, June 6
Baccalaureate	Sunday, June 7
Commencement Exercises	Monday, June 8

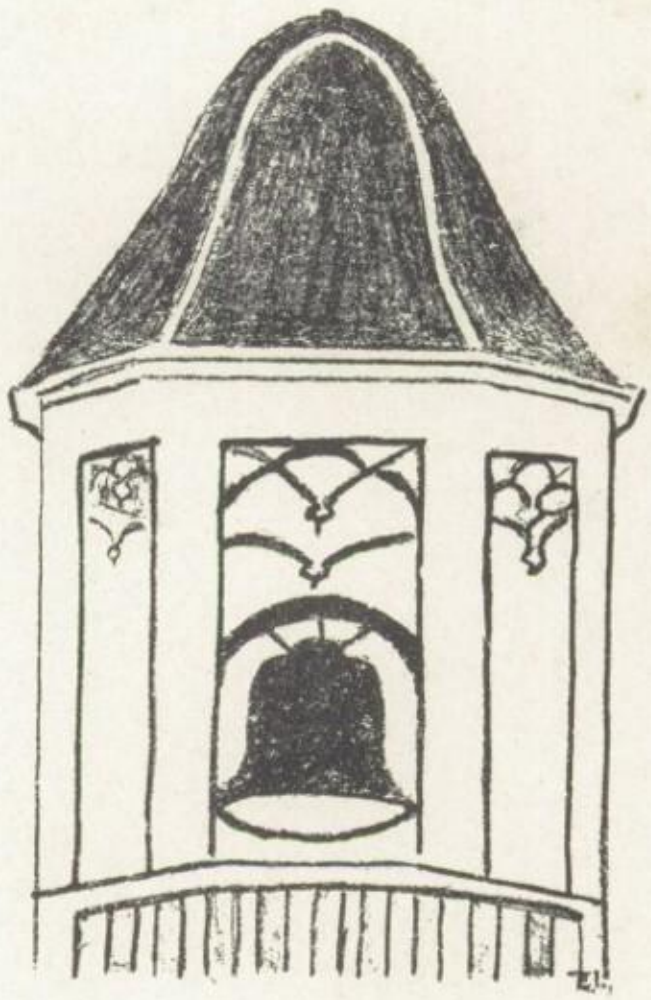
CLASS POEM

Swiftly, so swiftly, the years have flown,
Four of the happiest, the gayest, we've known.
Dreaming our dreams as the years went by
In your hallowed walls, dear M. C. I.
Victories we've won—they were our aim
All in your honor, all for your fame.
The lessons you've taught, we'll never forget
We've always gone onward, all obstacles met
Your standard we followed—friendship and truth
Worked for your honors, with ambitions of youth.
Your game we've played fairly, whether won or lost
Acclaimed the winners, not counted the cost.
Now we are leaving you, dear M. C. I.
With firm hand-clasp and many a sigh,
Goodbye to teacher, to classmate, to friend,
Scattered we'll be, but true to the end.
You taught us to work, to live, and to play
Prepared us all for that eventual day
When we stand alone on the threshold of life
To enter a world that is filled with strife.

C. Nordstrom

SUPERLATIVES

Girls	Boys
Best Looking—Velma Morse	*Most Handsome*—Murray Stebbins
Cutest—Carolyn Brown	*Cutest*—Kenneth Murphy
Most Popular—Arlene Frederick	*Most Popular*—Stuart Noyes
Wittiest—Elaine Enman	*Wittiest*—Roger Davis
Best Disposition—Pauline Lawrence	*Best Disposition*—Dave Hall
Most Tempermental—Mary Gallison	*Most Tempermental*—Vernon Smiley
Most Soft-hearted—Elizabeth Campbell	*Most Soft-hearted*—Douglas Sinclair
Prettiest Eyes—Jeanne Palmer	*Prettiest Eyes*—Murray Stebbins
Nicest Smile—Velma Morse	*Nicest Smile*—Jack Childs
Prettiest Hair—Irene Goodrich	*Prettiest Hair*—Ivan Callahan
Best Knitter—Janet Humphrey	*Best Dressed*—Dave Hall
Best Athlete—Rosalie Varnum	*Best Dancer*—Hans Muir
Best Dressed—Pauline Lawrence	*Best Hunter*—Evan Cox
Best Dancer—Mary Gallison	*Best Fisherman*—Evan Cox
Most In Love—Sylvia Snow	*Most In Love*—Willard Lehr
Best Artist—Ellen Lougee	*Best Artist*—Douglas Sinclair
Best Actress—Elizabeth Campbell	*Best Actor*—Frank Hesdorfer
Most Musical—Sylvia Snow	*Most Musical*—Vernon Smiley
Friendliest—Arlene Frederick	*Friendliest*—Kitan Agostinelli
Nearest Ideal—Jeanne Palmer	*Nearest Ideal*—Hans Muir
Quietest—Olive Bagley	*Quietest*—Robert Bean
Noisiest—Cecelia Nordstrom	*Noisiest*—Stuart Noyes
Best Skater—Margaret Gosline	*Best Skater*—Ivan Callahan



ACTIVITIES

TRUMPET BOARD

Editor-in-Chief

John Freese

Associate Editors

William Frederick
Willard Lehr
Evelyn Gould
David Hall
Carolyn Brown
Stuart Noyes

Sports Editor

Hans Muir

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Mary Gallison

ORCHESTRA

The orchestra, under the very able supervision of Mrs. Cook, adds a great deal to the student activities of M. C. I. The members play in Chapel on Fridays, and at other student activities such as Prize Speaking contests and the Senior Play. The main performance of the orchestra takes place at the annual Pop Concert.

GIRL RESERVES

The Girl Reserves is an organization open to all M. C. I. girls. Meetings are held on Monday evenings under the supervision of the advisor, Miss Margaret Snow. The meetings generally consist of short discussions, skits, or social activities. During the year several dancing parties are held which add to the social life of the school. At Christmas time the Girl Reserves assist the Red Cross by contributing money or miscellaneous articles.

President	Velma Morse
Vice President . .	Mary Haseltine
Secretary	Mary Gallison
Treasurer	Carolyn Brown

SENIOR PLAY

"The Gay Deception" was presented by the Senior Class on Thursday, December 18. The play's success was due to the excellent supervision which the cast received under Miss Lucile de Reynolds.

The cast was as follows:

Mrs. Stole	Elizabeth Campbell
Candler Stole	Frank Hesdorfer
Virginia Stole	Carolyn Brown
Mrs. Moffat	Velma Morse
Gerald Moffat	Ewart Hodgins
Ralph Hammond	Stuart Withers
Pat O'Flynn	Stuart Noyes
Lucy, the cook	Cecelia Nordstrom
Maxine Dinsmore	Arlene Frederick
Elsa Terry	Marguerite Taylor
Claire Trevor	Mary Gallison
Ellis Atkins	Vernon Smiley
Chubby Swan	Robert Bean
Bert Evans	Wendall Towle
Stage Manager	Douglas Sinclair

M. C. I. HI-Y CLUB

This Club, only two years old, has developed into a well-knit organization. The members take a keen interest in their club as is shown by an almost perfect attendance. The Club sponsors various projects throughout the year, has outside speakers, and carries on informal discussions among themselves.

The purpose of the club is to create, maintain, and extend throughout the school and community, high standards of Christian character; the platform is "clean speech, clean sports, clean scholarship, and clean living."

President . . . Marshall Hammond

Vice President . . William Frederick

Secretary . . . . John Freese

Treasurer . . . . Willard Lehr

DEBATING SOCIETY

Debating at M. C. I. was fully recognized for the first time this year by the formation of the Debating Society under the guidance of Coach Edward Stanley. The Society held weekly meetings throughout the season and participated in panel discussions of the question, Resolved: That, as a permanent policy, every able-bodied male citizen in the United States should be required to have one year of full-time military training before attaining the present draft age.

In February and March the varsity debaters took part in a series of practice debates with many of the large high schools of the state.

On March 6 the M. C. I. varsity, composed of Willard Lehr, first affirmative; Kenneth Murphy, second affirmative; Marshall Hammond, first negative; and Clair Cianchette, second negative; participated in the annual New England Preparatory Schools Debate Tournament at Bates College. M. C. I. won third place in the tournament, and Willard Lehr received a silver medal as the second best debater in New England.

President . . . . Willard Lehr

Vice President . . Marshall Hammond

Secretary . . . . Carl Wright

Treasurer . . . . Clayton Curtis

FOOTBALL

Last fall the Garnet football squad turned in consistently good performances, in spite of a not-too-inspiring win-loss record. Working under the able tutelage of Head Coach George H. Johnson, assisted by coaches, Harold Louder and Karlton Higgins, the M. C. I. gridmen gave a good account of themselves in every game. While the high point of the season was the 12—6 win over the Ricker Junior College eleven, the boys caused all of their opponents plenty of trouble.

In spite of the small number of veterans reporting and the inadequacy of reserve material, M. C. I. boasted a number of outstanding players this year. At the close of the season, David T. Hall, Madison, a star line-man, was elected honorary captain. The following men received letters:

Captain Dave Hall
C. Cianchette
W. Frederick
M. Stebbins
I. Callahan
K. Agostinelli
R. Small
B. Plummer
E. Hogan
J. Powell
A. Brewer
K. Cianchette
R. Whitney
M. Quint
H. Muir
M. Hammond, Mgr.
R. Graham
T. MacDonald
R .Cougle

BASKETBALL

Working under Head Coach Karlton E. Higgins, the M. C. I. basketball team enjoyed a most successful season with eleven wins and six losses. The team's record entitled the boys to receive an invitation to participate in the State Preparatory School Tournament. Although a stubborn Kent's Hill quintet proved too much for the Garnet Five, weakened by illness, the team staged a come back, the next day over a highly-rated Coburn Classical five in the consolation game.

The season was high lighted by an unusually high percentage of wins over preparatory school rivals. Taking two from Hebron and Higgins and one from Kents Hill, and Coburn, the team demonstrated clearly that they were at least as good as any preparatory school squad in the state.

"Bill" Frederick, one of the four letter men returning from last year's team, was elected honorary captain at the close of the season. "Dave" Duplisea, former Eastport star, received a guard berth on the all-tournament team for his work at the state tourney.

The following men received Varsity Awards:

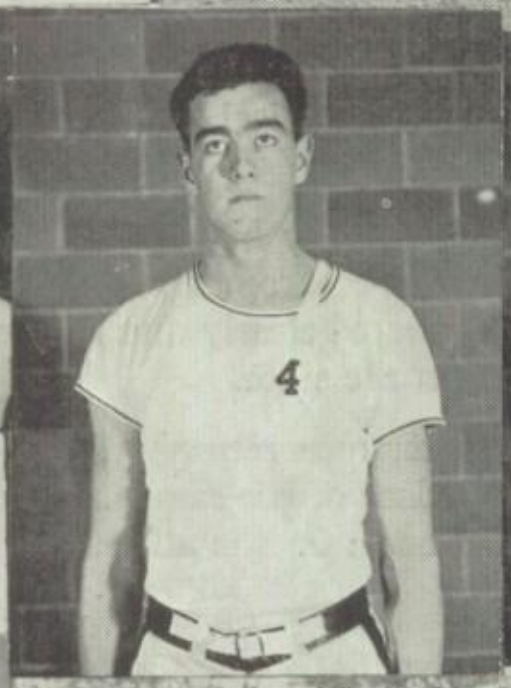
Captain William Frederick
Roger Davis
Jack Childs
Dave Duplisea
Charlie Scribner
Murray Stebbins
Francis Coughlin
Martelle Quint
Marshall Hammond
Hans Muir

9
12

6
14

3

S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40

JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President, Bernard Plummer

Vice President, Kathryn Mills

Secretary, Barbara McNeil

Treasurer, Frances Wilson

JUNIORS

JUNIOR EDITORIAL BOARD

Editor-in-Chief	Mary Haseltine
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	Barbara Maxim
	Jean Ann Libby
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	Francis Coughlin
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Sports Editors	Ann Hatch
	Martelle Quint

JUNIORS

Alexander, Iris R.
Ault, John
Bickford, W. Carlton
Buker, Mary L.
Campbell, Bruce
Chapman, Verna A.
Chase, Karl C.
Chipman, Drucilla
Chipman, Priscilla
Collamore, Frank N.
Coughlin, Francis
Curtis, Clayton C.
Frost, Annie D.
Doughty, Eric
Dunton, Hazel A.
Estes, Ralph
Frederick, Roland D.
Friend, Earle, Jr.
Gardner, Marie E.
Gibbs, Eugene C.
Haseltine, Mary D.
Hatch, Ann A.
Heffren, Allison N.
Heffren, Berlyn F.
Higgins, Robert M.
Huff, Marjorie
Libby, Jean Anne
Marsano, John
Maxim, Barbara E.
McNeil, Barbara
Mills, Kathryn J.
Mitchell, Robert
Moore, Lillian A.
Plummer, Bernard F.
Piper, Erwin
Pushor, Maxine
Quint, Martelle C.
Reynolds, Delight
Rich, Royce
Selwyn, Small
Shaw, Margaret C.
Short, J. Jean
Shuman, Natalie A.
Simpson, Roy L.
Sinclair, Caroline R.
Starbird, Leroy
Starbird, Phyllis
Temple, Marie D.
Webber, Pauline R.
Welch, Florence A.
Welch, Robert P.
Wells, Alton H.
Willey, Harold G.
Wilson, Frances L.
Wright, Carl R.

IN SERVICE

Leonard Oliver, '40, U. S. Army, LaGuardia Field, New York

Clarence Hamilton, '40, U. S. Army, Westover Field, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Arthur Roberts, '40, U. S. Army, Morrison Field, West Palm Beach, Fla.

Paul Hamm, '40, U. S. Army, Fort Blanding, Ga.

Eddie Morris, '40, U. S. Air Corps, Address Unknown

Charles Rogers, '40, U. S. Army, Chanute Field, Rantoul, Ill.

John Hunt, '40, U. S. Navy, Address Unknown

Lawrence Anctil, '40, U. S. Army, Weather Service, Albany, Ga.

Harris Mathews, '40, U. S. Marines, Parris Island, So. Car.

Richard Hall, '40, U. S. Army, Edgewood Arsenal, Md.

Hartson Welch, '40, U. S. Army, Address Unknown

Merle Hodgkins, '39, U. S. Army, Dow Field, Bangor, Me.

Wilbur Towle, '39, U. S. Air Corps, Howard Field, Panama

Robert Maynard, '39, U. S. Air Corps, Randolph Field, Texas

Wilson York, '39, U. S. Air Corps, Missouri

Walter Sherman, '39, U. S. Army Medical Service, San Diego, Calif.

Lawrence Britting, '39, U. S. Marines, Somewhere in Pacific War Area

Kenton Gould, '39, U. S. Air Corps, France Field, Panama

Robert St. Pierre, '39, U. S. Air Corps, Las Vegas, Nev.

Russell Martin, '38, U. S. Army, Mitchell Field, N. Y.

Norman Lyon, '38, U. S. Air Corps, Rochester, Mass.

Mark Page, '38, U. S. Army, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Carlton Tilton, '38, U. S. Air Corps, Randolph Field, Texas

Vernon Walker, '38, U. S. Army, Address Unknown

Fred Stafford, '38, U. S. Army Weather Service, Chanute Field, Rantoul, Ill.

Ralph Hersey, '38, U. S. Army, San Diego, Calif.

Kenneth Hamilton, '38, U. S. Air Corps, Westover Field, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Ralph Gould, '38, U. S. Army, Camp Shelby, Miss.

James Daily, '38, U. S. Army, Jamaica, B. W. I.

Nicholas Craig, '38, U. S. Merchant Marine Academy, Fort Schuyler, N. Y.

William Hanson, '37, U. S. Army, Tallahassee, Fla.

George Munce, '37, U. S. Army, Address Unknown

Lawrence Stafford, '37, U. S. Army, Chanute Field, Rantoul, Ill.

Philip Nevers, '37, U. S. Army, Address Unknown

Philip Young, '37, U. S. Army, Address Unknown

Robert Smith, '37, U. S. Army, La.

Vernon Lee, '37, U. S. Army, Address Unknown

Ed Calder, '37, U. S. Navy, Address Unknown

Henry Deraps, '37, U. S. Army, Panama

Othello Lancaster, '37, U. S. Army, Somewhere in Australia

Paul Hersey, '37, U. S. Coast Guard Pilot, Salem, Mass.

Clifford Robichaud, '37, U. S. Air Corps, Randolph Field, Texas

Clifford Stevens, '37, U. S. Air Corps, Randolph Field, Texas

Roland Reilly, '36, U. S. Army, Camp Edwards, Mass.

Woodrow Thurlow, '36, U. S. Army, Fort Williams, Portland, Me.

George Chiros, '36, U. S. Army, Address Unknown

Edward Sprague, '36, U. S. Army, Address Unknown

Philip Lerette, '36, U. S. Air Corps, Miss.

Vincent Havey, '36, U. S. Army, Somewhere in Overseas Service

Laurel Hersey, '35, Ensign, U. S. Naval Air Corps, Pensacola, Fla.

Marvin Huff, '35, U. S. Army, Camp Edwards, Mass.

Guy Ready, '35, U. S. Army, Address Unknown

Herman Cowan, '35, U. S. Army, Camp Shelby, Miss.

Owen Wentworth, '35, U. S. Coast Guard Pilot, North Atlantic Patrol

John Furbush, '34, U. S. Army Address Unknown

William Coffin, '33, U. S. Army Address Unknown

Albert Bailey, '32, U. S. Army, Address Unknown

Vincent Hathorn, '31, Ensign, U. S. Navy, Corpus Christi, Texas

Kenneth Sargeant, '31, U. S. Army, Address Unknown

John Martin, '30, U. S. Army, Address Unknown

Roy Lindquist, '26, Major, U. S. Army, Parachute Division, Fort Benning, Ga.

Lloyd Stitham, '23, U. S. Army, Fort Riley, Kansas

Walter Ulmer, '23, Captain, U. S. Army, Camp Shelby, Miss.

A PROBLEM SOLVED

Undoubtedly, a great many people have taken their problems and tried to solve them beside the immense figure of Abraham Lincoln, in the Lincoln Memorial at Washington, D. C., but probably none has been a more heart stirring experience than a young boy of fifteen or sixteen.

I was standing in the shadow of the great figure, when I sensed another's presence. Looking around, I saw a young boy walking slowly towards the statue of Mr. Abraham Lincoln. The youth was tall and athletic, with the high ideals of young manhood shining in his eyes. His shoulders involuntarily straightened as he approached the figure and nearing it, he threw back his head, gazed longingly at the kindly face, and said,

"Mr. Lincoln, I've got a problem to be straightened out, and you're the only person I feel that I can bring it to. Everybody else, I know, is much too busy with National Defense to try to solve my problem. I'm not envious of them because they're helping with National Defense, only, I want to know what I can do to help. Everybody in my family is doing something, and I want to feel that I can do my part too. I firmly believe in democracy, and that's why I wish to do my part. I belong to the Boy Scouts, and we have been collecting old papers all this week. I also buy a 25-cent Defense Stamp every week, but isn't there something bigger I can do to help win this war?"

For a moment the scene unfolding before my eyes seemed almost possible. The Great Emancipator stepped down from his chair, and putting his hand on the boy's shoulder bid him to look up. Then he said,

"Your problem has confronted, not only you, my boy, but also thousands of young citizens of these United States. Boys, like yourself, have fought and died for the same ideal which you and all others wish to preserve—democracy. The people in preceding generations, all believed in the same principles as you, and that's why many wars have been waged. That's why the oppressed in England came to this land over one hundred and fifty years ago and set up new beliefs in government; that's why the Revolutionary War was fought, The Civil War, The World War, and now this War of Today. They have all fought for and died for—democracy—and that is what they will still do in generations to come."

Still gazing at the boy, he spoke again more distinctly and clearly,

"The only thing for you to do is to live up to your fine ideals, cherish your clean beliefs, work for those things which you know are right, and rise against those, which you know are wrong. You, as an American boy, have great privileges. Keep these privileges by getting a good education, by keeping healthy and strong in games of good sportsmanship. Some day the government of these United States will be run by people of your generation, so don't ever let your beliefs in a good democracy fail you. Don't let them down! They're counting on you to make of this world a better place in which to live."

These stirring words echoed and re-echoed in the Lincoln Memorial. Looking up, I saw Mr. Lincoln, no longer standing by the boy, but once again sitting in his chair. Had I been imagining this scene, or had it really happened? Evidently the boy had found the answer to his problem, for he walked with firmer steps, his proud shoulders thrown back, and his head held high.

I looked once more at the kindly face of Mr. Lincoln; I could see a smile lingering on his lips. Mr. Lincoln had made his second great speech.

M. G.

PEARL HARBOR

It was a warm sunny day in December. Pearl Harbor was resting quietly during the noontime with no trace of excitement in its surroundings.

Jim Knowles, a young man of twenty, was dressed in his uniform doing guard duty. The day was warm and everything was peaceful as he walked to his post; he wondered at the need of his service.

A short distance from him stood a friend of his who was also standing guard for his country. As they drew nearer to each other, they began a conversation to break the monotonous lull which made them feel rather nervous.

As they stood talking, there was a drone of planes in the distance; they glanced at each other rather startled; it was unusual for training planes to be flying Sunday. They said nothing about it to one another, but as Jimmy returned to his post he became puzzled as the sound of the plane coming nearer.

The planes were in sight now, and he raised his hand to shade his eyes as he peered into the sky. Those planes weren't training planes; they were bombers. Suddenly everything was a rush of excitement; people were scattering in every direction. The troops were all called into action. Japanese bombers were attacking Pearl Harbor.

Many people were killed as the bombs dropped, crushing anything in their path. Some soldiers were among those on the missing list. Jimmy was only slightly injured, but his friend, who was standing with him when they heard the planes, was found dead among hundreds of others.

Now when Jimmy is standing guard, he doesn't wonder why it is necessary to stand "guard." He hopes there will never be another "Pearl Harbor" but if there is, he will do his part to help.

H. D., '43

ESCAPE

Early one morning there came a sharp knock on Doctor Hinklestein's door.

"Who's there?" asked the doctor in a drowsy voice.
"The Gestapo," came the reply in a booming voice.

He knew what they were so he quickly took the papers, went over to a picture on the wall, lifted up the picture and by pressing some secret device, he made a panel slide open. He put an elastic around the papers and dropped them down the shute. Upon doing so he pressed a button, closed the panel, and put the pitcure back in place.

The Gestapo then burst into the room, for they had waited long enough.

"We want your papers, Doctor, and if you give them to us, we'll not harm you; otherwise, you'll have to go with us."

"I'll never give you the papers." shouted Dr. Hinklestein.

At that instant one of the burly fellows knocked the aged doctor down and kicked him under a side-table.

"Search the place, men, we'll find the information. He didn't have time to move the lists or send word to anyone else."

They hunted in vain and finally left the place dragging the doctor along with them. Upon entering the camp, he encountered many that belonged to the organization of his town, but none gave any sign of recognition for fear that they be further punished for not revealing all the names of their comrades and neighbors.

The papers which the doctor sent down the slide were received by Professor Steinmehr, the vice-president of the society, who lived directly below the doctor. This society was organized for the purpose of uniting the common people. Little by little they were accomplishing their objective, but the doctor had been making more rapid progress along than anyone else, for he knew the common people better and had worked among them.

When the head officials learned that the doctor had been taken to a concentration camp, they didn't know what to do until they found a note, which he had written before, just in case he had to have leave hurriedly. Above all, the note stated that they must not try in any way to get him back or give out information that they knew anything about him. He stated that all their work would be in vain and all the society's work would be lost, if they revealed any knowledge concerning him.

In the meantime the doctor had become great friends with one of the guards, Von Glutner, and the guard became so fond of the doctor that he decided to get the "dear old man" out.

Two days later the Gestapo again began to question Doctor Hinklestein, and upon learning nothing, they took him to a place where several people were being tortured. They knew he was tender hearted, and they thought the sight of men being lashed, falling down, bodies torn and bleeding, would make him reveal the facts of the organization. However, when the doctor's turn came, he stood up and with calmness such as never before had been witnessed he received the cutting lashes.

After being returned to his cell, Von Glutner came to have a talk with the doctor and tell him of the plan of escape. Glutner said he had never intended to join the Gestapo but to protect his mother and sister he had become a member. Filled with emotion he spoke of the death of his mother and also said that his sister had gone to Switzerland. He added that he had the next day off and planned to get their disguises ready.

The following night the Doctor did not sleep, and, after all the rest had gone to sleep, Glutner came and let the doctor out. The guard had brought his mother's and sister's clothing and wigs for them. They put on the tattered gowns and crushed wigs hurriedly and left.

At first, they didn't know where to go but finally decided to go to Prof. Steinmehr's apartment.

Upon entering, doctor gave the pass word and then went to speak to the Professor. He removed his wig, and Steinmehr was overjoyed at the sight of the doctor and immediately blessed Glutner for helping the doctor.

They remained in their disguises for weeks and months. The Gestapo hunted everywhere but could not find them for they remained in a secret room in Steinmehr's apartment. They have been able to unite most of the people, and when the proper time comes, they will stage a great rebellion.

J. S.

MANSON PRIZE SPEAKING

Five Junior girls and five Junior boys have been chosen to delive original essays in the annual Manson Prize Speaking Contest at Maine Central institute on May 6. These students will compete for prizes provided by a fund established by Dr. John C. Manson of Pittsfield. Shortly before his death, Mr. John W. Manson of Pittsfield increased the amount by a generous gift.

All Juniors are required to write original essays as a part of the requirements of third year English, and these essays are judged as to originality, clarity, and general literary merit. Five girls and boys having the best essays are chosen on the basis of demonstrated public speaking ability to participate in the contest.

The prize speakers this year were:

You Can Defend America	Barbara McNeil
The Burma Road	Kathryn Mills
The Magician of Love	Jean Ann Libby
Our National Anthem	Drucilla Chipman
Angel of the Battlefield	Priscilla Chipman
Warrior of Democracy	Clayton Curtis
Rise of the Axis Powers	Robert Welch
Steinmetz	Eric Doughty
The Fight Against Infantile Paralysis	Carl Wright
The Origin and Progress of Modern Radio	Harold Willey

Alternates

Allison Heffren — Roland Fredrick

CHEERLEADING

One of the more colorful features of the 1941—42 season's basketball games was the cheerleaders—stamping, strutting, and stirring the students and other members of the audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm, which showed the players we were behind them every minute.

After looking back over the past years, we feel that the cheerleaders this year did a grand job and played a major role in pepping up the students during the basketball season.

Realizing the lack of support the student body paid the teams, a group of girls volunteered to accept the responsibility and organized the cheerleaders. A much larger group was interested this year, and under the leadership of Jeanne Palmer, a veteran of last year's cheerleaders, the group were turned into competent cheerleaders who will undertake the job of keeping up the splendid work next year that has been accomplished in the previous two years.

The members of this group are:

Seniors

Jeanne Palmer
Arlene Frederick
Elaine Enman
Ellen Lougee
Mary Gallsion

Juniors

Kathryn Mills
Marie Temple
Francis Wilson
Ann Hatch
Mary Buker

Sophomores

Joyce Palmer
Joan Childs

Three cheers for you, girls! Keep up the good work. We certainly do appreciate it.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC PROGRAM

For the last few years there has been no provision for the girls of M. C. I. in the field of athletics. The girls' "M" club died out, and there was no way in which the girls could get credit toward a school letter.

Realizing the need for a girls' athletic program, a girls' athletic council was appointed last fall. Ten girls serve on this council under the able leadership of Mr. Roy U. Sinclair. This council, together with their advisor, worked out an athletic program for the girls of M. C. I. which makes it possible for any girl to take part and earn credit toward obtaining a letter. It will take the average girl about three years to get a enough points. So come on, girls, and join the ranks! Now is your chance!

GIRLS' ATHLETIC COUNCIL

President — Arlene Frederick

Secretary — Florence Welch

Senior Representatives

Janet Humphrey
Velma Morse
Jeanne Palmer

Junior Representatives

Mary Buker
Ann Hatch
Florence Welch

Sophomore Representatives

Gloria Getchell
Hattie White

Freshman Representatives

Joan Allen

Fall Sports—Archery, Volley Ball

Winter Sports—Basketball, Winter Sports

Spring Sports—Softball

1. Archery—5 points for those of outstanding ability. 6 outstanding girls to be determined by coach. 3 points for attendance. Required for credit—2 hrs. per week for five weeks.

2. Volley Ball—5 points. Required for credit—2 hrs. per week for five weeks.

3. Basketball—5 points. Required for credit—2 hrs. per week during league play.

4. Winter sports—5 points. Required for credit—2 hrs. per week for five weeks.

5. Softball—5 points. Required for credit—2 hrs. per week for five weeks.

A girl will be allowed no more than two absences in any sport. When a girl cannot take part in an activity, she may receive credit by being present and assisting in managerial duties.

Girls chosen as cheer leaders for boys varsity sports will receive credit for five points in their senior year.

Girls who take charge of activity or officiate in contests will credit for five points.

When a girl accumulates 50 points she shall be eligible for a certificate award and a girls' "M".

Until this becomes a permanent proposition, it is suggested that girls in this year's Senior class must earn 15 points, Junior girls, 25 points, Sophomore girls, 40 points, and Freshman girls 50 points.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Every girl in the school who desired had an excellent opportunity to play basketball this year by taking part in the girls' intramural league held on Monday and Wednesday of each week during November and December.

The regular participants, approximately forty in all, were divided into four teams that played a fifteen game schedule. These games were fast, clean, and close, providing exercise, enjoyment, and enthusiasm for the players, and excitement for the spectators.

The success of the basketball team was due largely to the excellent cooperation of the members themselves, who greatly appreciated the opportunity to play and displayed a fine spirit of willingness to cooperate.

All of the games were close, and no one team appeared to have a distinct advantage until the end of the season when the Thistles forged ahead.

The Thistles, the winning team, was composed of: Captain, Elaine Enman, Bangor; Barbara McNeil, Pittsfield; Frances Wilson, Pittsfield; Caroline Sinclair, Waterville; Mary Gallison, Hancock; Dorothy Austin, Pittsfield; Meredith Holt, Plymouth; Dorothy Birch, Pittsfield; and Florence Dunton, Pittsfield.

The ten highest scores were:

1. D. Austin, Thistles—56
2. B. McNeil, Thistles—42
3. F. Welch, Olympics—35
4. B. Plumer, Pirates—33
5. N. Emery, Olympics—31
6. J. Childs, Shamrocks—30
7. M. Haseltine, Shamrocks—26
8. E. Enman, Thistles—26
9. J. Palmer, Pirates—22
10. M. Gardner, Pirates—20

The final standing of the league was as follows:

Team	*Won*	*Lost*	*Tied*	*Total Points*
Thistles	7	2	2	134
Shamrocks	5	4	2	85
Pirates	3	6	2	88
Olympics	4	7	0	90

Kathryn Mills officiated at all of these contests, and a very fine spirit of cooperation was shown her throughout the entire schedule.

BOYS' INTRAMURAL BASKETBALL

Under the successful leadership of Mr. Sinclair, Mr. Louder, and Mr. Johnson, the non-varsity boys enjoyed a highly competitive season of basketball. Any boy who was not talented enough to make the varsity squad, received an opportunity to play intramural basketball at least twice a week. During the 45 games schedule the league leadership was in doubt up to the last few games, when the rampaging Tigers, with constant tallying of "Sharpy" Huen, finally forged ahead of the plucky Beavers.

FINAL STANDING—MARCH 11, 1942:

	WON	LOST
Tigers	12	3
Beavers	11	4
Bears	9	6
Panthers	6	9
Bulldogs	4	11
Donkeys	3	12

THE CHAMPIONS:

TIGERS

K. Agostinelli, Captain
C. Huen
P. Brooks
V. Heffren
R. Simpson
E. Hamilton
D. Fendler

HIGH SCORERS:

1. C. Huen (Tigers) 114 pts.
2. V. Smiley (Donkeys) 105 pts.
3. E. Hall (Beavers) 83 pts.
4. C. Wright (Panthers) 76 pts.
5. Tie: R. Whitney (Beavers) 65 pts.
   S. Withers (Bears) 65 pts.

M. C. I. IN THE SERVICE

M. C. I. is proud of the work being done by many of her recent graduates who are now in the service of their country. This is only a partial list, as it is impossible to obtain a complete record of all the graduates who are undoubtedly serving Uncle Sam in some capacity. We salute all these boys and wish them safe return.

FAVORITE MOVIES AND SONGS

The Band Played On—Casey and the Strawberry Blonde—Charles "Casey" Chase and Lea Lawrence

We Did It Before-We'll Do It Again—Basketball Team

The Little Man Who Wasn't There—Donn Fendler

The Blonde Rage—Barbara Maxim

Marching Along Together—Gym Classes

Tavern In The Town—Sterling's Cafe

The Women's Choice—Mr. Higgins

Clark Gable the second—Mr. Johnson

Hi Sye! What's a-cooking?—Home Economic Class

The Leaning Tower—Mr. Stanley

Sleeping Beauty—Erwin Piper in Bookkeeping Class

Popinickelini—Royal Grover

Any Bonds Today?—If so, buy them in the office

Alcatraz—Girls' Dorm

Awful Truth—Result of Exams

Johnny Eager—Johnny Smiley

Unholy Partners—Faculty

Dude Cowboy—Selwyn Small

One Foot In Heaven—High Honor Students

The Femine Touch—Carolyn Brown

Hold Back the Dawn—7:00 Bells

Hot Spot—Sterling's

New York Town—Pittsfield

Nothing But The Truth—Students in the office

Lady Be Good—Sylvia Snow

Man At Large—Jack Childs

Accent On Love—Lougee and Frederick

Spring Parade—Dave and Velma

Yesterday's Heroes—M. C. I. Basketball Team

Unfinished Business—Chemistry Assignments

ASSOCIATIONS

Ann Hatch—Arguments
S. Noyes—Girl Friends
Doug. Sinclair—Bell Boy
R. Craig, R. Mills, C. Curtis—The Three Musketeers
Student Body—Sterling's Cafe
V. Smiley—Ladies' Man
N. Shuman—Better Late Than Never
M. Gallison—Sing, Baby, Sing
D. Hall—You've Got To Be A Football Hero
R. Estes—Miss Snow's Pe(s)t.
K. Allen—The Little Freshman
Mr. Louder—Wisecracks
C. Nordstrom—Package of gum
K. Murphy—Boogie Woogie
Mr. Stanley—Pigeons
H. Willey—Fights and Alibis
E. Doughty—Sleeping

"JUST A FEW OF THE KICKS"

Getting out this magazine is no picnic.

If we print jokes people say we are silly.

If we don't they say we are too serious.

If we clip things from other magazines, we are too lazy to write them ourselves.

If we don't, w are stuck on our own stuff.

If we stick close to the job all day, we ought to be out hunting news.

If we do get out and try to hustle, we ought to be on the job in the office.

If we don't print contributions, we don't appreciate true genuis, and if we make a change in the other fellews' write-up, we are too critical.

If we don't, we are asleep.

Now, like as not, some guy will say we swiped this from some other magazine.

We did!!!

JOKES

We've all had our troubles
We'll probably have some more
Because somebody's bound to say
I've heard that one before.

Miss Reynolds: This composition is just like your sister's.
P. Chipman: Well, you see it was the same dog.

Chase: What shall we do?
Thompson: I'll toss a coin; if its heads, we'll go to a dance and if its tails, we'll go to a movie, if it stops in the air, we'll study.

Mr. Sinclair: Listen, young man, are you the teacher of this Class?

Willey: No, I'm not.
Mr. Sinclair: Then don't talk like an idiot.

It was said of a prep school boy that one night he left a note on his door for his roommate who had gone to the movies. This is what the note said: "If I'm studying when you get back, wake me up."

Withers: Last night I had an awful pain in my arm.
K. Murphy: Who was she?

D. Duplisea: What are you eating?
R. Davis: Soup, are you deaf?

Mr. Louder: Please follow the work on the board.
W. Thurston: Where's it going?

Mrs. Freesmen: (after a long pause in translation) Why don't you use your *ingenuity?*
"Flossie" Welch: Because I didn't know there was any. All I could find were the notes and vocabulary.

Mr. Louder: How'd you get your black eye, Powell?
Powell: I was protecting a little boy.
Mr. Louder: That was awfully kind of you. Who was he?
Powell: Me!

Phyllis: The other night I tried standing on my head and the blood rushed to it, but when I stand on my feet it doesn't. How can you account for that?

Jean Anne: Your feet aren't empty.

Barbara Maxim: I would like to see a pair of shoes big enough to fit my feet.

Salesman: So would I.

Mr. Sinclair: If you had ten potatoes and you wanted to divide them equally among four persons, how would you do it?

E. Friend: I'd mash them.

Mrs. Craig: Russell, what is this 60 on your report card?

Russell: I-I think that's the temperature of the room.

Mr. Purinton (rapping on his desk): Order order, let's have some order in this class!

E. Piper (just awakening): Egg sandwich and a cup of coffee.

"Are we going to try out Curtis for the football squad?"asked the captain.

"No," replied Coach Johnson, "anybody who can spell such words as plenipotentiary, erysipilas, and plibisciti is no good as a football player."

Marsano: What's the best exercise for reducing?

Campbell: Just move the head slowly from right to left when offered a second helping.

Miss Hines: I want a ticket to New York.

Station Agent: Do you wish to go by Buffalo?

Miss Hines: Certainly not! I want to go by train.

N. Shuman: This dictionary isn't any good.

L. Moore: Why not?

N. Shuman: It doesn't have an index.

Miss Reynolds: Who was George Elliot?

Heffren: He was a she.

Earl Friend: That fellow, Thurston is certainly wrapped up in himself.

Marie Temple: Yes, and he certainly makes a very small package.

Barbara Maxim: I see that historians claim that women were using cosmetics during the Middle Ages.

C. Bickford: Fair enough too—women in the middle ages are still doing it.

D. Fendler: How did mother find out you didn't take a bath?

R. Fendler: I forgot to wet the soap.

Miss Reynolds: Didn't you hear me pounding on the ceiling?
Caroline Sinclair: Oh, that's all right. We were making a lot of noise ourselves.

Carolyn B.: How did Jack break his leg?
Dave H.: Do you see those steps over there?
Carolyn: Yes
Dave: Well, Jack didn't.

R. Fendler: Noyes, what do they mean by diplomacy?
Noyes: Well, if you tell a girl that her face would stop a clock, beware! But, if you tell her that time stands still while you gaze into her eyes, that's diplomacy.

Red Powell: Margie, do you think I should say pants or trousers?
Margie Bastow: Trousers of course.
Red Powell: Well, I've gotta get my dog some water. He trousers awfully.

Noyes: I want a ticket for Magnolia.
Ticket Agent: (after the minutes of weary thumbing over railroad guides.) Where is Magnolia?
Noyes: She's sitting over there on that bench.

Mr. Louder: Did you have any luck on your hunting trip?
Mr. Stanley: Not much. I shot seventeen ducks.
Mr. Louder: That's was pretty good; were they wild?
Mr. Stanley: No, but the farmer who owned them was.

Muir: Do you sleep with the shades up or down?
Childs: I don't sleep with shades at all.

Little Sally Sinclair had been playing on the cement walk while her father and a friend were discussing politics. That night Sally knelt by her bed, and said the following prayer. "Bless Daddy and Mother and please, God, take care of yourself, for if anything happens to you we'd only have the President, and he hasn't come up to father's expectations yet."

Mr. Sinclair in Geometry Class: Now watch the board carefully while I run through it again.

M. Temple: Can you drive with one hand?
E. Friend: Sure.
M. Temple: Here is an apple.

Doughty: Do girls like conceited boys best or the other kind?
K. Mills: What other kind?

A. Call (reading her description of a boat): It will accommodate four people with wicker seats.

(In class Heffren whispers to Doughty): Shut up! You're the biggest fool I know.

Mr. Stanley (hearing confusion): Young men, you forget I'm still in the room.

D. Reynolds: Does the moon affect the tide?

A. Frost: No, just the untied.

Thompson: It says here in this book that Nero fiddled while Rome burned. I wonder what tune he played.

Piper: Probably he played "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

She: I dress according to my complexion.

He: I thought hand-painted dresses were expensive.

She (watching football game): I don't see how those boys ever get clean.

He: What do you suppose the scrub teams are for?

LEST WE FORGET

Listen my children and you shall hear,
A story that's better than Paul Revere.
'Twas December the 7th in "41",
And far to the west 'neath the rising sun,
Came a shadow that brought both death and fear.

A citadel slept in the early morn
While the sun came up in a flaming dawn,
And a confident Army slept in bed
While a shadow roared o'er Diamond head
And stained Pearl Harbor a bloody red.

The fortress guns were quick to roar,
And bombers fell to rise no more,
But their work was done and men had died,
While the flames revealed the Navy's pride
As smoking hulks on the harbor's floor.

Remember this story and those who said
There's nothing to fear; we can stay in bed.
Remember those who bravely died;
Remember the Navy's smoking pride,
And the shadow that roared over Diamond head.

Bernard Plummer

SOPHOMORES

THE LAST SACRIFICE

Hotexa and her train had been traveling for days and had left the cities of the Toltecs far behind them. She had been warned not to make this trip to Yucatan because of the fanatical Mayas who, although peaceful and art loving, were in a sacrificial frenzy. For Yvm-Chax, the rain god, was angry and had sent no rain for months. But the heat of Mexico City had been unbearable, and the great ocean would be cool to bathe in. Besides, how would the Mayans dare attack her, the princess of all the Toltec tribes?

She soon had cause to remember the warning; however, it was too late because out of the jungle on either side poured the Mayan warriors who, although not great soldiers, soon overpowered the little group.

Before they had been entirely surrounded, Hotexa whispered a message to a faithful attendant who in the melee and confusion disappeared into the jungle.

Held by the Mayans, the small group of Toltecs were taken to the Mayan city of Chicken Itza which could rival any product of Grecian skill in sheer beauty and perfection. There, Hotexa had been selected as the bride of Yvm-Chax, the greatest, although deadly, honor that could be bestowed upon a Mayan girl. It did not particularly appeal to Hotexa, however, to be sacrificed to a heathen god while everyone knew that it was the sun god that controlled the lives and destinies of man.

Two weeks passed and finally Hotexa was prepared for her wedding to Yvm-Chax. She was dressed in the finest robes and garlanded with orchids and other exotic plants. The finest jewels decorated her wrists and throat.

She got into a golden sedan chair with a stalwart Mayan warrior who was to be her escort into the court of the rain god, and the procession went off to the Cenote, a well that is now called the Mayan well of Death, and that was the abode of Yvm-Chax.

Here the procession halted and the High Priestess stood up on the altar, that is still standing if you care to go and look, and prepared to command the sacrifice.

The two lesser priests swung Hotexa on high. She knew that the end was near and that by the time the sun was risen she would be just another gilded skeleton in the murky depth of the Cenote.

The first glow of morning was breaking in the east and the High Priestess raised her arm in preparation for the signal.

The warrior in his burnished armor summoned his will power and prepared to jump the moment the High Priestesse's arm should descent.

Suddenly two arrow feathers in the backs of the lesser priests, who dropped Hotexa and fell lifeless upon the stone altar as hundreds of Toltec warriors rushed upon the scene, told how they had died.

The peaceful Mayans fell back before the spears of the Toltecs and soon were in open retreat only to be balked by the Toltec legions coming in from the other side.

The High Priestess gave a shout and ordered the frightened Mayan to fight, but a Toltec arrow stopped her and, with a scream, she fell from the altar into the Cenote. The Mayan warrior dove in to join her and the two slowly sank beneath the leaden waters.

Yvm-Chax had taken his last bride.

Ralph Mills

THE SWIMMING TROPHY

It was nearing the first of May and the boys at the Smith High School were eagerly preparing for the great event, the water tournament, held with Peterson High School. This was an annual affair in which these rivals displayed their skills, and the school that won was awarded a trophy by two wealthy men who had set aside a fund for this purpose.

This year, Smith High must win the tournament for it had been two years since they had won over Peterson High, although they knew that the year before the trophy should have been theirs. It had been due to some unfair play on the part of the judges that it had been given to Peterson High.

However, Smith High felt that they had a good chance of winning for they had a fine group of athletes, expecially one, Tom Anderson who excelled in sports and who was an outstanding swimmer.

The great day, May twenty-ninth, arrived, and the races were on. The crowd was in an uproar for both of the high schools had won three events each, and the last one, the swimming race, would determine the winner.

Tom Anderson, who would represent Smith High in this race was rather a poor lad. He came from a small, mid-western town, and his athletic ability and his willingness to work alone had got him ahead. His opponent, John Carson, had come from a wealthy family. He had for some time been training in swimming to meet Smith's man; but he also had boasted of how he would defeat him.

As the whistle blew, the two boys plunged into the water, and the fight was on. Peterson's man was in the lead, but not for long, for the long steady strokes of Tom Anderson carried him to the finish line ahead of John Carson who, after a few hard strokes, had tired out.

Amidst shouts of praise, Tom stepped out of the water; he had saved the day for his high school, and a beautiful, new trophy was added to the collection in the show case at Smith's High School.

Annie Bouchard

Teaching a Girl to Drive a Car

I believe one of the hardest and most nerve racking job a boy can undertake is to try to teach a girl to drive a car.

First of all, you must have a car, but my advice on that would be to get an old jalopy which wouldn't go too fast in the first place and that is not worth very much because it probably won't be when you get done anyway.

Then you get in and take a spin down the road, trying to show her every move. When you have hardly begun, of course, because it's the woman in her, she will start telling you that she knows how anyway, but I'd advise you to pay no heed to this.

When at last you get on a deserted road, as would be best, let her take a try at it. Of course, when she starts up, she'll jerk you nearly out of your seat, but hold tight to the door knob and you can stay in. When she shifts gears, she'll forget to use the clutch, but she says she can't see as it makes much difference, so, instead of trying to argue her down, let it go, because it would be almost impossible to do this. When she turns a corner, she'll put the gas to the floor and take it on two wheels, and when you try to tell her not to, she'll probably say it saves the other two tires, so you better let that go, too.

Finally, when you manage to quiet her so she'll stop and let you drive, merely try to control yourself and get her home as quickly as possible.

I. Cinachette

Vacation Discomfort

The first discomfort that one always feels when a vacation trip approaches is the packing. There never fails to be about twice as much luggage to be packed as there are bags to pack it in. A great many ways have been thought up for getting the most clothes into the smallest possible place, but the best one that I have ever used is to put all the things in and then have someone jump on the lid of the suitacse while someone else snaps the look.

When the difficulty has been met and overcome, there is the problem of packing the car. There never fail to be more suitcases and overnight bags than there is room. Indeed, it is a great deal similar to packing the suitcases except that the passengers have to go in somewhere. That is just about it: somewhere. I, being the smallest, always have to wrap my feet around some sharp-cornered object. This never fails to make me realize the difficulties of a vacation trip, especially when one of the heavier objects fall on my toe as we go over a bump in the road.

But finally all this is over, and the camping site is near. We all shift position and find that we are terribly stiff after the ride. Then, as someone opens a door, we all fall out with less order than speed. The unpacking is begun and we find, much to our discomfort that several necessary things have been left out including the key to the camp. When we have overcome this by breaking a window and have unpacked, we really begin to feel what one means by the discomforts of a vacation trip.

Robert Whitney

My Favorite Poet

Everyone is entitled to his favorite poet. Longfellow has long been a universal favorite, the works of Browning appeal to many others and Carl Sandburg among recent writers has captured many American hearts with his sparkling wit; but it is John Greenleaf Whittier who has been my favorite since childhood.

Nearly all of Whittier's poems deal with the farm and country. Probably this is because he was born in a Massachusets farmhouse and spent, nearly all of his life in that vicinity. His works, written in the middle eighteen hundreds, deal with the rural life of that time, and the farmers of today show their appreciation by furnishing their schools with his poems. I remember learning "The Barefoot Boy" when I was in the second or third grade, and this poem was for a long time my favorite. Since then, I have read his "Snow-bound" and others of his poems concerning farm life which consequently appealed to me.

Longfellow's "Evangeline" may have captivated many with its sentimentality; the rhythm of Tennyson's poetry may have turned the public in his favor; but Whittier's poems will long be remembered for their simple sincerity of style which has made him to me "the great American Poet."

Terry Garcelon

The Agony of Teaching a Boy to Cook

There is nothing so comical as teaching a boy how to cook. It also requires a great deal of patience. If you girls doubt my word just try it out for yourself and I'm sure you'll agree without hesitation.

First you get the boy into the pantry and kitchen, tell him to roll up his sleeves, and put one of your dainty aprons onto him. Then you tell him to get to work. He tries to assure you that he knows all there is to know about cooking, but after a few trying moments, you decide he doesn't even know what he is talking about.

I taught my brother to make a chocolate cake, or, should I say, tried to? I got out the recipe and all the utensils. I told him that from then on he was to do the rest alone, and he did!

He got the flour, sifted it, and put it into the mixing bowl without even measuring it. When he finished, he looked like a living ghost. When he got through using his melted chocolate, he looked more like a negro. He turned the electric beater on so fast and with such speed that it splattered all over everything and everyone. By this time he has everything completely covered. I quickly move further away so as to avoid getting splashed more. Finally, he manages to slow it up.

I am very glad when he clumsily pours the badly beaten batter into the cake tin and slams it into the oven. When I take it from the oven, it is sunk in the middle. When I taste the cake, I find that he forgot to put the vanilla in.

Dorothy Tweedie

My Most Unforgettable Character

He was an English teacher, this man who was to make so much of an impression on me that I have remembered him to this day. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about him was his appearance. He was only about five feet and two inches tall, and he walked with a limp. He had a shock of unruly hair that was always falling into his eyes so that he had to stop to shake it out with a toss of his head.

But after the surprise of his first appearance had worn off we were impressed with the clear forceful way that he presented his material. None of the complicated passages of literature or poetry held any fear for him. He would plunge into them and take out the important parts for our inspection, and there was rarely one who did not understand after his explanation.

He had an amusing way of coming into the room with his characteristic limp that had earned him the nickname of "Limpy" and tossing his book bag onto the desk with a slap that opened it spilling the contents onto the desk. He then proceeded to sort them, tossing a set of examination papers on the front desk now and then.

And so the year wore on. It was the last day as he came into the room for the last time. With a little gesture he spoke these brief words: "I don't think you will forget me, and I know that I won't forget you. You have all got it in you if you only get in there and dig." I can still remember the way he said it and what he said. He was my most unforgettable character.

Robert Waterman

The Attraction of Fresh Paint

Paint is a lovely thing, so soft, so gummy, so smeary, and it can be so embarassing at times! There are a great many different kinds of paint. There are house paint, varnish, and lastly, the kind of paint usually known as war paint. Each kind has its special advantage, but the last is the most attractive of all to the young gentleman anxious to paint the town red. That is, he starts to paint the town red. What he ends up doing is getting himself painted red and by getting a nice coat of blush in the bargain.

Now to get back to the subject. What we meant to discuss was the attraction of fresh paint. It is really quite unnecessary to go into detail as to the attractions of ordinary paint. That is common. In the gay old days, when the "spoon" was more than an eating device, there was no attraction so great as that of a freshly painted fence. None of the younger generation could resist the temptation to thrust an inquiring finger at it to see if it were really wet.

But that has now gone out with the horse and buggy days. The kind of paint that holds the greatest attraction now is that limpid, gooey, kind called lipstick. There is something so alluring about a pair of lusciously feminine lips, freshly painted, and carefully displayed. Youth of today now shun the freshly painted fence and follow the swishing skirts. Once there was only the penalty of a painted finger for the inquistive; now there is the double disgrace of a slapped face, and a bit of razzing. Yes, truly the world has changed, and with it the styles of attractiveness in fresh paint.

Robert Waterman

Mother's Young Lady

Let's see, if I were a boy, I could go out for all sports, wear anything for clothes, ride around in an old car, cut my hair, and be as rough as I wanted; but because I am a girl, I have to learn to cook, do housework, sew, and play the piano.

You boys don't know how lucky you are! It would be perfectly scandalous if a crowd of us girls had a camp and stayed there nights or even went on a camping trip, especially without a dozen guardians.

When I was little, I used to play baseball in the park and could hold my own pretty much in a fight. My favorite attire was overalls, and I wore them constantly. But when I entered the eighth grade, my mother decided it was time I became a young lady if I ever were going to. First, off came my overalls and I began to wear dresses entirely. Then my hair was curled. Every Saturday morning I would enter the kitchen for a cooking lesson. Then my mother commenced to better my vocabulary, for some of my terms were not becoming to a young lady. If there was anything I hated it was eating with the guests, so my brother and I would plead lack of room and eat in the kitchen. But now I must dress up and sit with the rest and worst of all listen to their high-brow conversation.

Often this is thrown at me, "Hey, Palmer, you'd make swell football material." This only angers me because I'd give anything to be a football player. So you see my mother hasn't succeeded in turning me into a stuffy and fluffy young lady, yet!

Joyce Palmer

House Cleaning a la Mode

With Spring still just around the corner, housewives have put off that much dreaded task of house cleaning to a later date. To help these first ladies of the land, I have composed this article in hopes that someone's labors may be lightened.

First of all, house cleaning is very unnecessary, for although Jimmy's tricycle *does* belong in the shed, he always has kept it in the kitchen, and inside of two days after having properly disposed of it, you'll find it again, behind the water tank. Of course, we understand that Mrs. Jones next door house cleans spring and fall, and it is only your duty to keep up with the Joneses.

There's the old and time-tested method of throwing pails of water all over everything and sweeping it out with a broom. This has been somewhat modernized by the invention of the common rubber hose.

Then there's that idea which should have been out-dated long ago. It consists of soap-suds, scouring powder, and "elbow grease". Further description of this method will only prove its uselessness, for the lady who knows of this method doesn't crave further knowledge, and the lady who doesn't know of it would find it uninteresting.

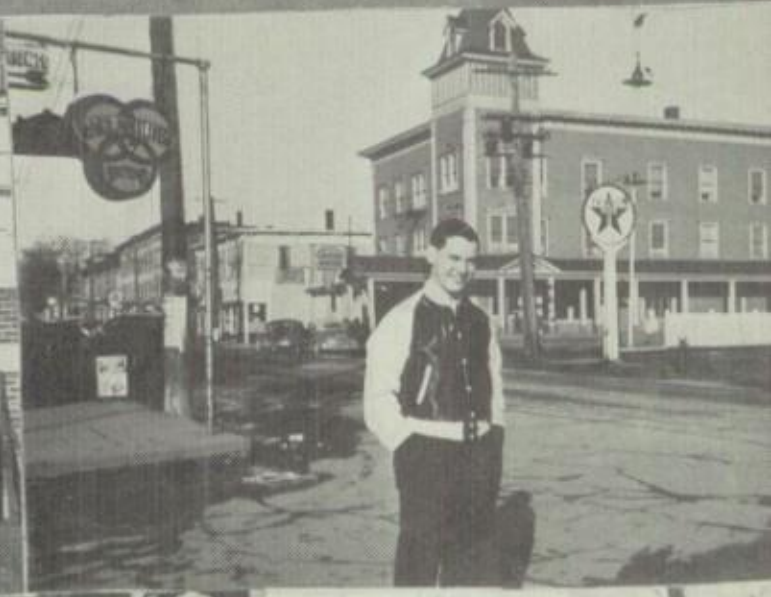
Among the more modern methods is that of hanging all the rugs out of doors, sweeping the dirt into piles where the rugs will go, and putting the rugs back where they belong. Probably the newest one out is this. It consists of giving a bridge party at which you can depend upon your guests to dig up all the "dirt."

Hattie D. White

STATISTICS

NAME	FAVORITE SONG	OCCUPATION	HANGOUT	FAVORITE EXPRESSION
A. Bouchard	*I Got It Bad And That Ain't Good*	Dreaming	Room 8	She's going to hate you.
H. Bradbury	*My Prayer*	Janitor	Movies	Yah!
R. Bragg	*Come Josephine In My Flying Machine*	Building model airplanes	The Airport	Why Hurry?
M. Brooks	*Down By The Old Mill Stream*	Fishing and hunting for Mr. Stanley	Gym.	Is the gym open?
W. Buckley	*Beat Me Daddy Eight to The Bar*	Learning wisecracks	Pool Room	I didn't win today.
A. Call	*I'll Always Love You*	Housewife	Bradbury's	Where's Eugene?
J. Childs	*I'll Take the City*	Arguing	"Dorm"	Oh! All that childish talk?
I. Cianchette	*Oh! Johnny!*	Rubbish collector	Bill Daley's	Is the money in yet?
R. Clark	*There I Go*	Making cider	Brooks House	My car is ready.
C. Conners	*Me And My Shadow*	Farming	McNally's	Where's Beverly?
R. Craig	*Home On The Range*	Amusing Mills	The Office	You first my dear Mills.
B. Estes	*I'm Thinking Tonight Of My Blue Eyes*	Dancing	Grange Hall	Oh, my,gosh!
D. Fendler	*I Don't Want to Walk Without You*	Reading funny books	"On campus"	Christmas!
R. Friend	*Taps 'Till Revielle*	Dorm girl	Stetson General Store	Ye-es
I. Furbush	*Small Town Girl*	Farmer	Humphrey's	Jeepers-Creepers
T. Garcelon	*School Days*	Studying	At Ford's	Jiminy cricket
G. Getchell	*Beware*	Clerking in 99c store	Nichol's Street	Oh! Boy
E. Hall	*There'll Be Bluebirds Over the The White Cliffs*	Safe-Cracker	Whitney's room	Seen Bob?
E. Hamilton	*Cheating On Me*	Miller	Gym	What's that?
R. Higgins	*How We Gonna Keep Them Down On The Farm*	Farmer	His Farm	We had a flat.
M. Holt	*Two In Love*	Riding in Newport confectionary delivery cart	East Newport	Oh! My heavens!
R. Humphrey	*A Hunting We Will Go*	Guide	Clark's Cider Mill	Show me the reference.
A. Lander	*"I Want a Girl"*	Building Model Airplanes	Shop	Your move, Mr. Cook.
H. Ledin	*Beautiful Dreamer*	Hunting	Downtown	My dogs!
V. Leighton	*Sleepy Time Gal*	Wanted: Has milked cows	Upper Somerset Avenue	Cow fodder.
R. Libby	*This Love Of Mine*	Milking Cows	Peltoma Avenue	Oh, Shucks!

NAME	FAVORITE SONG	OCCUPATION	HANGOUT	FAVORITE EXPRESSION
J. Madore	*Don't Sit Under The Apple Tree*	Farmerette	W. Pittsfield	Golly!
R. McMann	*Little Old Lady*	Playing violin	Fords	Gee.
B. McNally	*I'll Be A Good Soldier, Too*	Writing to West Palmyra	W. Pittsfield	
R. Mills	*That's Rright—You're Wrong*	Archivist	Craig's	Heavens!
C. Mitchell	*Keep 'Em Flying*	Writing to air force	Burnham General Store	Oh, Dear!
M. O'Reilly	*I Don't Want To Set The World On Fire*	Listening	Elm Street	We-ll
J. Palmer	*Deep In The Heart Of Texas*	Idling	Peterson's	She's going to hate you.
M. Pearl	*Alone On Dream Street*	Whispering	General Store	Oh, Gosh!
C. Piper	*Jingle Bells*	Pig caller	Suite 6	Jumpin'
J. Powell	*Hi Neighbor*	"Bookie"	Pool Room and Gardner's	Right Now?
E. Shannon	*Someone's Rockin' My Dream Boat*	Feeding chickens	Shaw's crossing	Oh, Shoot!
K. Shaw	*Don't Wake Me Up—Let Me Dream*	Setting pins in pool room	Berry's Drug Store	I Don't Know
B. Small	*He's IA In The Army*	Talking	Mill Street	Ain't it the truth?
E. Stafford	*I Haven't A Thing To Wear*	Dancing	Theatre	Oh, Gosh!
V. Stewart	*Oh, Sweet And Lovely*	Primping	Scotland	My, Goodness
C. Swift	*Ole Man River*	Aviator	Shop	Gosh, Now?
D. Thompson	*Jail Song*	Studying	Maxim's	Gee, Whiz.
D. Tweedie	*Oh, Johnny*	Hairdressing	6 Waverly Ave.	
K. Varnum	*Say Si Si*	Fishing and Brook	The brook	Moooooo
R. Waterman	*I'm Going To Cry My Heart Out*	Playing accordian	Havey's	Hello there
H. White	*Let's Sing Again*	Hog calling		
B. White	*Little Curly Hair In A High Chair*	Walking home from a basketball game	Hartland Road	Oh, dear.
L. White	*You've Got What It Takes To Put It Over*	Strumming guitar	Spring Road	Peanuts
R. Whitney	*Somebody Else Has Taken My Place*	Clerk in general store	Maynard's	I'm going to flunk.
L. Whitten	*He's 1A In The Army*	Writing	Bean's Corner	Oh, Yeah!
S. Wilcox	*Always In My Heart*	Going to Fairfield	Public library	Holy cats.
E. Wiles	*Living, Loving, Laughing*	Roller skating	Blue Moon	You ain't woffing.
M. Wilbur	*Small Town*	Feeding hens	Bean's Corner	Oh, Christmas



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FRESHMAN DAY

November fourteenth, forty one,
We shivered in fright at what would come.
The day was dark, the skies like lead.
Our hearts were sad; our joys were dead.

We had to dress in horrid fashion.
We felt, just then, no loving passion
For our fellow Sophs, who made so bold
As to make us do as we were told.

"Kiss the ground! Tie my shoe! Bow low!
Repeat this verse, up loud, you know!"
From M. C. I. all over town
Way up the street and then way down.

We marched and walked and even ran,
Dressed like the folk in fairyland.
From bride and groom to small Snow White.
Now, you readers know our plight.

So, all day it went like this,
"Carry my books!" the Sophs would hiss.
Upstairs, downstairs, thru rooms and out
To obey, at once, their impatient shout.

When school was out, they made us sing,
A serenade fit for a king.
With tribute to dear old M. C. I.
We hurried home with thankful sigh.

Regina Conroy and Evelyn Webendorfer

FRESHMAN ATHLETICS

The boys of the class of '45 have shown a great deal of enthusiasm in sports. Although they are, as yet, young and inexperienced, they have tried to make the best of all criticism from upper classmen and teachers.

Had one visited Parks Field in the latter part of September he would have seen, at first glance, a large group of husky young men going through uniform football drill. Upon looking more closely he would have observed, in one corner of the field, a tiny group of small but earnest freshman boys working hard under the direction of Coach Higgins. A few of these boys who worked hard and learned fast were rewarded later by being allowed to play in some varsity games.

In November the girls of M. C. I. began interclass basketball. Although the small freshman girls started the season unnoticed they wound up their season by winning the interclass basketball championship in a thrilling game with the junior girls.

The girls' winter sports program included tobogganing, skiing, skating, sliding and hiking, and the spring program included outdoor games, hiking and archery.

The freshman boys have shown ability and great possibilities in basketball. Although still small and inexperienced, they have learned many of the fundamentals of basketball and have practiced diligently, a fact which may prove to be one of the keys to success of some M. C. I. varsity basketball team in later years.

The freshmen boys are now looking forward to a successful baseball season. They have plenty of good material and if they show the willingness to learn that they have demonstrated in other sports, they will undoubtedly attain the success for which they are striving. Many freshmen also have reported to Coach Cook for track, and there too, one may expect hard work and eager cooperation to help the freshmen to make a good showing.

FROSH BOYS BASKETBALL

The freshmen boys of '41-42 have been very successful in basketball due to the helpfulness and generosity of members of the faculty. Nearly every Saturday one of the faculty members would give up some of his time to take the boys into the gymnasium and the boys are very grateful for this co-operation.

There were two teams, the Baby Garnets, and the Gray Flashes.

The Baby Garnets, composed of Paul Brooks, Stanley Wyman, William Daily, Richard Powell, Lewis Fitts, Kermit Allen, proved to be the more successful of the two teams. Some of the scores are as follows:

Baby Garnets	46	Pittsfield	6
Baby Garnets	10	Sophomores	20
Baby Garnets	6	Juniors	24
Baby Garnets	22	Hartland J. V	12
Baby Garnets	18	Sophomores	15
Baby Garnets	46	Gray Flashes	9

They also scrimmaged with the M. C. I. varsity squad.

The Gray Flash team was made up of Harvey Varney and Gordon Hodgkins, Co-Captains; Wayne Varnum, Mervin Chadbourne, Charles Simpson, Joe Cianchette, Walter Kennedy, Russell Haynes. These boys lost three close games to Coach George Farmsworth's Grammar School quintet, and one game to the Baby Garnets. Although they didn't prove successful in winning games, they showed much enthusiasm and fine sportsmanship.

The Freshman's Part in the Girl's Athletic Program

In the fall of '41 an ambitious group of M. C. I. girls stormed Mr. Sinclair's "castle" for some sort of an athletic program. With his generous help and guidance, plans were worked out so that we have had many active nights of games and outdoor sports.

The freshman were well represented in the basketball season. And although we were split up, and often played with the upper classmen occasionally we got together and our "Fast Six" made up for lost time, becoming champions of the Intramurals, giving us plenty to be proud of.

When the boys took over the gym, we found ourselves enjoying hiking, tobogganing, and many other outdoor activities. Not many freshmen took part in this, but the few who did had a good time during the winter months.

Now Spring is here, and with renewed enthusiasm we have started our Spring program of basketball, volley ball and have high hopes of a good soft ball team.

So, why not have an athletic program for girls again next year? We could have more participants, make it better, and have more fun.

THUMBNAIL SKETCHES—GUESS WHO?

1. Her dark hair, her long stringy body, and her long legs encased in bright red stockings made her a well known figure on the campus last winter.

2. His giant figure filled the doorway. He ambled awkwardly to his seat, bumping into one or two chairs and sat down in one of the desk chairs that seemed altogether too small for him. As he turned to his friend Susi, his heavy Irish features broke into the friendliest grin.

3. A mouse-like little fellow sits quietly in the front row.

4. Short, slight, with black hair and snapping eyes. She walks, acts and talks fast. How she can talk!

5. He is a short, cute little fellow with straight brown hair and is usually seen with a pencil resting on a dainty pink ear. His bright plaid shirt is never tucked in and when he leans back, he starts to tease the girl next to him.

6. No bigger than a peanut, he comes up the path with a newspaper bag over his shoulder and a rather serious expression on his small freckled face.

7. When Mr. Cook calls on him for an oral composition, he comes out in front of the class, folds his arms, stands rather self-conciously, and speaks in rather a high voice that quite often breaks into a squeak. As he gets interested in his subject, he tosses his head back, arches his eyebrows in a peculiar fashion and goes on to give one of the most interesting talks of the day.

Mr. Higgins: Every person who would like to go to heaven some day, stand up.

The whole class stood up except Cianchette.

Mr. Higgins: Cianchette, is it possible that you do not want to go to heaven?

Joe Cianchette: Not with that bunch.

Mr. Stanley: Where is Cincinnati?

Stanley Wyman: Fourth place in the league.

Webster Weeks in General Science Class: Rabbits don't really lay eggs, do they, Mr. Johnson?

Gourley: Were you flirting with that girl?

Bill D. : That's my business.

Courley: You don't need a business partner, do you?

Mary Crawford: Where's your girl friend, Evelyn?

Evelyn: She's in the house playing a duet. I finished first.

FRESHMAN PRIZE SPEAKING

The annual Freshman Prize Speaking Contest was held this year on May 14th, with a very interesting program being presented. The contestants were under the capable direction of Miss Lucille de Reynolds. The five girls and the five boys selected from a class of seventy-one did exceptionally well in giving their program. Richard Whalen and Christine Twitchell were chosen by the judges as alternates.

The speakers were as follows:

Model Letter to a Friend	Joan Allen
Mr. Pickwick in the Wrong Bedroom	Marjorie Bastow
Wake Up America	Mary Crawford
In Defiance of the Kaiser	Regina Conroy
Ole Mistis	Evelyn Webendorfer
The Bell Is Ringing	Wayne Susi
Biff Perkin's Toboggan Slide	Richard Powell
Unknown Soldier	Charles Pease
Greatest Game in the World	Stanley Ames
The Tale of the Wild Turkee	Raymond Gourley

Answers to Guess Who

1. Mary Crawford
2. Bill Daily
3. Roland Cook
4. Lorraine Ward
5. Ryan Fendler
6. Mervin Chadbourne
7. Charles Pease

Morning in the Boys' Dorm

'Tis morn. The sun has once more won its daily victory overnight
And sends o'er all the world once more its golden shafted light.
The world begins once more to move and in that building framed in glory,
Hated alarm clocks loudly call 'tis morning in the dormitory.
Throughout that building at the stroke of seven, bells all loudly ring,
And one or two choice souls and workers, from their beds, themselves they fling.
But a larger number wait a few short minutes, till the beck
Of still another bell that warns us of times ne'er ending trek.
Rushing water, gurgling noises, sounds of shoes on many floors,
As a multitude of creatures quickly do their daily chores.
Then, they scurry off to breakfast or to desks, by study led,
But this fate is not for such as I. I'd rather stay in bed.

The Man of the Coffin

The huge carnival crowd had by this time dwindled down to a few night owls. It was the last night of the carnival in Hamburg. Many people came to the carnival for one reason, to see the man who was buried alive.

The last person left, and at the small square opening in the ground that let air and food down to Jasper, "the man of the coffin" as he was nicknamed, a familiar face appeared. "Here's your supper," said the man at the hole. "Tomorrow morning we are taking you up."

"I've got a feeling something's going to happen tonight," growled the man in the coffin. "I've been uneasy all day."

"What could happen? All you have to do is press that button and the bell in my office will ring. Nothing has ever happened before," encouraged the other.

"Just the same I don't like it," moaned Jasper.

The food tray was drawn up and the hole closed over, lest it should rain.

Jasper gave an uneasy sigh, turned and tried to go to sleep.

Fifteen minutes, that seemed like fifteen hours, passed. A scraping noise broke the silence that hung over the grounds like a blanket. With a twist of the wrist the sinister character snatched off the cover.

The startled Jasper turned over, and at the mouth of the shaft beheld the face of his worst enemy, Herman Hindquarter.

"So, ho," he sneered, "I have you where I want you, and so I have brought you a nice present, a cobra.

"No! no! screamed Jasper, his screams hollowed by the boards of the coffin. He pressed the button, but the face of Herman told him the dreaded truth; the wires had been cut.

With a ghastly laugh fading in the distance, Jasper saw the writhing, rope-like body of the snake dropping toward him.

Horror gripped Jasper as he lay there not daring to move for fear of the snake, which had coiled itself upon Jasper's breast. Cold sweat broke out all over Jasper. When would this beast strike? The question ran through his mind like a trip hammer. Every second the horror increased. Jasper's heart beating echoed and reechoed through the coffin. He was helpless—helpless as a ship-wrecked sailor in a hurricane at sea—helpless as the diver at the bottom of the ocean. He started to reach for the bell button, but the awful truth gripped him as his hand reached above his head—the wires were cut—the wires were cut.

Then it came—the terrible moment of his life—the snake struck at his throat with deadly accuracy.

Next morning about six hours later they found him. He had been killed, not from the snake bite, for it was one of the carnival's snakes, from which the venom had been removed. He had died from sheer fright—alone in the coffin.

Charles Pease

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